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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

OPTIMISTIC NOTES

What do the following events have in common?

§ The American Jewish Congress calling for a peace conference in the Middle East.

§ The Sandinistas permitting the reopening of *La Prensa* and the Roman Catholic radio station.

§ New York City Mayor Edward Koch announcing plans for an aggressive voter-registration-by-mail campaign, which could enfranchise as many as 500,000 city residents.

Answer: They are all unexpected reaffirmations of the need for democratic dialogue.

As *The New York Times* pointed out, the A.J.C.'s policy statement "represents a rare occasion when a major American Jewish organization has taken a public position at odds with Israel's official foreign policy." But more important, it represents a commitment to sitting down and settling outstanding issues by talk rather than force of arms.

The reopening of *La Prensa* and the Catholic radio station is a public effort by the Nicaraguan government to comply with the Central American peace plan. But it is also a gesture toward creating a more open society at odds with the image of the one-party state. New York's registration drive could have national consequences. Linda Davidoff of Human SERVE, a nonpartisan voter-registration advocacy group, said the Mayor's initiative had "great potential for reaching the million New York residents kept away from the ballot box by voter registration laws."

After such sunshine, the Reagan rains came. The U.S. delegation to the United Nations walked out on Iranian President Ali Khamenei's diatribe at the General Assembly. For all the recriminations on both sides, unless the United States and Iran can engage in a dialogue soon—at what better place than the United Nations?—they are going to bungle into war.

REAL HOOLIGANS
Calvin Trillin

CONVICTS JUDGE GOETZ
Robert Blecker

THE OTHER NANCY DAVIS
Jon Wiener

PALESTINIAN UNIONS
Joost R. Hiltermann

BRIAN MOORE
Thomas Flanagan

CARTIER-BRESSON
Arthur C. Danto

AN INTERNATION STORY

THE EXPORT OF U.S. TOXIC WASTES

ANDREW PORTERFIELD AND DAVID WEIR

Ken Kazarian, president of a waste recycling firm near Los Angeles, recently received a letter that began:

> DEAR SIR, AWARE OF YOUR SERIOUS PROBLEM IN THE DISPOSAL OF YOUR TOXIC AND HAZARDOUS WASTE. . . . WE HAVE ACQUIRED AN ISLAND IN THE PHILIPPINES SUITABLE AS A DUMP SITE.

The company that sent Kazarian the letter, Gamma Trading, lists for its address a private residence in Hillsborough, California, a wealthy suburb of San Francisco. Gamma's president is a 27-year-old Filipino woman named Leana Carlos, whose parents have been the object of a number of civil lawsuits alleging breach of contract, of a Federal lawsuit for violating banking laws, and of a lien for unpaid back taxes. The family's lawsuits and business transactions are handled by an attorney who has managed the accounts of prominent Filipinos with ties to deposed President Ferdinand Marcos. In addition, the family's real estate affairs are monitored by a bank that has been tied to Marcos in reports by the *San Jose Mercury News*. Until March 1986 Gamma was acting as broker for L.P.T., a company that planned to build a multimillion-dollar incinerator for U.S. wastes in the South Pacific. The Carloses failed to return repeated calls to inquire about Gamma's operations.

Kazarian placed Gamma's letter in his "nut file," along with a proposal he had received for turning his company's landfill into a gorilla

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LETTERS.

TONGUE IN CHEEK

New York City

Reading Michele Landsberg's review of *Raising PG Kids in an X-rated Society* by Tipper Gore [July 18/25] has convinced me that Gore is right. Responsible parents know that showing children books and pictures of indecency and man's inhumanity to woman is what gives our children vile ideas. Our young certainly never come across anger, hate, greed, violence, sex or sexism in life. If we just kept those nasty books and photos away from them—and records, tapes, radio, films and videos, too—their minds would remain as pure as those of their parents.

How can we complain about the rising divorce rate when *Madame Bovary* is taught in the high schools? In some colleges, our young people are asked to read *Lady Chatterley's L———*. Why are we surprised that our children disrespect us, when, in the seventh grade, they read *Oedipus Rex*? And the *Oresteia*. And *Hamlet*. We tell them the story of *Peter Pan* and wonder why they don't do their homework. We tell them about David and Jonathan and wonder why they turn out "that way." And why do we bury our heads in the sand and pretend not to know what *Beauty and the Beast* leads to?

To my mind, those examples are far more dangerous than the lightweight, popular material Gore cites in her book. (I wonder why she left them out?) I am sending her a complete list for her sequel, *Raising PG-13 Kids*. But on one issue, Gore and I are united. Without the nefarious influence of Cyndi Lauper, Madonna and Prince, no child under 18 would ever discover where its genitals are.

One final note of thanks to Landsberg for her courageous insistence that Catharine MacKinnon's new book, *Feminism Unmodified*, is "fiercely lucid." Having written for *The Nation* and many other publications over the years, I can only aspire to the clarity of this sentence from MacKinnon's introduction (I have taken pains to avoid the best example of MacKinnon's lucidity and chosen merely a representative one): "Women who know that men value them in terms of the sexual access they provide as surely as they know the laws of gravity, and who identify and value themselves as the accessed just as the apple values its ability to fall from the tree, see the attack on pornography as an attack against them." *Marcia Pally*

CENSORSHIP WON'T WASH

Brooklyn

Michele Landsberg's review of Tipper Gore's book asks, "How can they [leftist men] call themselves radicals . . . if they cling to a culture based on male supremacy?"

By noting that until the radical actions destroying patriarchal capitalist-socialist statehood over the entire world have been completed, we had better find some way to make life pleasant enough to bear. Masturbation (inspired by porn) seems a relatively innocuous way.

One wonders which category the women who blasted Andrea Dworkin in recent issues of *The Nation* and *The Village Voice* fall into: "male liberals, radicals [or] civil libertarians." Although I do not presume to speak for those women, I suspect they may prefer the label "feminist."

Landsberg finds "us" in "agreement with cowboys, rifle-toters and music tycoons." Yet, who staged the Meese hearings but those rifle-toting cowboys, the Reagan gang? And if it wasn't for "music tycoons" trying to bribe a tape tax through Congress, we wouldn't see the appeasement to the Parents Music Resource Center censors we're now seeing.

There's a big difference between defending one's freedom of speech and dismissing all critiques of culture, as Landsberg repeatedly accuses "us" of doing. And there's a difference between defending producers (artists, musicians, porn actresses) and supporting their bosses. If "porn rock" disappeared, the capitalist music industry could make its profits off gospel, easy listening, etc.

Landsberg's compromise solution is either a repetition of already existing laws against rape and assault or else a way of holding people responsible for what they print, one of the most pernicious ways to attack free speech and one of the easiest ways to close down the entire radical press (if a woman shoots a man, is Andrea Dworkin or Michele Landsberg guilty?).

What is "our" solution, demanded by Landsberg? Since the cultural sphere is relatively free, and can be the site of radical protest, keep the state out of it! We can do "our" best to spotlight women, gays and other "Others" who might have something to tell us. *Steven Sherman*

THE BUBBLE BATH

Brooklyn

It is hard to tell from Michele Landsberg's review of Tipper Gore's *Raising PG Kids in an X-rated Society* just whom she expects to support her and other radical feminists who want to put an end to the pornography industry and to sexploitative representations of women in society. Her enemies list seems to drag on and on into one big cabal that has two aspects that unite its members—they are male, and they are capitalists even if in progressives' clothing.

If anything proves the left is floundering in a bubble bath of farts, it is this segment of radical feminists who seem irrevocably bent on a semidelusionary and paranoid stance on all issues regarding images of women in society. I empathize with their frustration, pain and fear of the unlimited supply of denigrating images and attitudes of women in our society, for such oppression contributes to my own. But the solution is never, ever to join the forces of demagogy, which is where those who support Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin are certainly leaning. In promoting the rationale that the only radical and profound analysis can be found among this segment of the feminist community, this group has effectively used it as a cudgel to silence other perspectives and provide the power for other Women Against Pornography types to demand a disproportionate number of the leadership positions of the feminist movement. At least that is my understanding.

The position that Landsberg and others of her camp take shows several things. They are serious and without humor. They seem to be against nonconformist playfulness. And they most certainly do not show the least understanding of the subtleties and complexities of popular culture, which is where a good chunk of the academic left, male and especially female, is now turning its attention. Statements such as "pornographic images are invisible as such because they are everywhere" are practically useless in challenging these images in society while showing little courage to respond to, or respect for, persons for whom these truths are not self-evident. The fact that Landsberg does not challenge the notion promulgated by Tipper Gore and the Parents Music Resource Center that rock and roll "advocates" Satanism, alcohol, drugs and suicide does nothing if not dismiss her from a serious consideration of how rock and roll "means."

Rather than fighting this oppression of women in society by means of censorship, or by deriding potential allies, there are alternatives I have found more constructive, enjoining and effective. The most obvious option that some women have taken is to struggle in the marketplace of images with representations of themselves. Two of the most proficient practitioners of this strategy are Lynda J. Barry, the cartoonist, and Cindy Sherman, the photographer. *Naked Ladies, Naked Ladies, Naked Ladies*, a coloring book of images of naked women of all sizes, shapes and colors with a written text on the discoveries of adolescent sexuality, is arguably among the best pieces of agitprop feminism has produced in the 1980s.

The other option, certainly very time consuming and less immediate, is that of teaching and educating people as to how images can mean in popular culture, to give them the tools with which they can read media texts for themselves to construct their own meanings. People like Landsberg seem

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EDITORIALS.

Medium Gains

"The medium-range missile treaty sure takes a load off my mind," political comedian Barry Crimmins quipped the other night. "Now I'm going to move to a medium-range city." Even there, he'll get no guarantee of nuclear safety. In Europe, where the proposed missile ban is to have its greatest impact, there are still thousands of warheads at the ready in submarines, on F-111s and attached to tactical battlefield weapons such as mines, artillery shells and missiles that can penetrate 200 miles behind enemy lines. Counting those along with the long-range strategic missiles that are not included in the proposed agreement, only 4 percent of the nuclear warheads available to the superpower blocs are covered. In the order of battle, Munich and Minsk are not that much safer than Milwaukee.

But the treaty and the summit at which it would be signed are bound to mean more than the statistics of throw weights and firepower, which negotiators on both sides have been discussing for years. There is a momentum to the détente process that, unchecked, is bound to lead to more agreements at more points of conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States. Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev seems pleased to relent on internal policies such as the

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restrictions on Jewish emigration, which several U.S. Presidents have tried in vain to change by long-distance hectoring and threats. Even stranger, perhaps, is Secretary of State George Shultz's apparent interest in discussing some of America's own human rights issues, such as homelessness and Native American rights, in the general free-for-all. As more than one cold war correspondent has observed in the past few weeks, serious peace may be about to break out in the East-West theater of operations.

Before the celebrations begin, however, equally serious obstacles must be overcome and traps disarmed. As I.F. Stone warns on the following page, opponents of détente have a way of hurling monkey wrenches into the peace works just when summits are at hand. The visible, vocal opposition is already marshaling its arguments. The hawkish right wing that Reagan wooed and wed on his way to the White House is not convinced by his preretirement conversion to disarmament. Some Republican senators will vote for a treaty if Reagan presses ahead with Star Wars, and some defense Democrats want a guaranteed buildup of conventional armaments. The President has already escalated his rhetoric of belligerence in non-European matters, just to prove his military machismo. Fewer than seventy-two hours after the press conference of Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, U.S. helicopters made a small act of war on an Iranian ship in the Persian Gulf that the Navy says was laying mines. The temptation to trade a treaty for more armed attacks—in the Persian Gulf or Central America, for instance—will be hard for the Reaganites to resist.

Senator Sam Nunn's tactic of linking treaty ratification to continued progress in the disarmament dialogue could help keep the Administration on the peace track, but he must make clear that what he wants is progress, not political hay. Nunn is justifiably worried that Reagan's loose construction of the ABM Treaty of 1972 will reduce the likelihood of a U.S.-Soviet strategic arms treaty. Unlike Bork deconstructing the Constitution, Reagan does not hold to the doctrine of "original intent" when it comes to the diplomatic initiatives of his predecessors. If Star Wars now seems well outside the framework of the fifteen-year-old treaty, then the framers' intentions be damned. But strategic arms limitation is the real prize of the present round of détente, and if it is to be won, Star Wars has got to go.

The popular movements for peace and disarmament that did so much to promote an understanding of nuclear issues and to create the necessary pressure for an East-West agreement can help extend that process. Certainly the war movements are not fading away; one has only to read the latest *Wall Street Journal* editorial defending Star Wars and big Pentagon budgets or listen to snarly senators deprecating détente on TV to know how vulnerable the peace front really is. The logic the peace forces have presented over the last decade is irrefutable. The luck of drawing a Gorbachev to make that logic a centerpiece of superpower foreign policy assures the movements a measure of success.

There are depressing historical examples of popular movements bought off, co-opted, defused or defunded by official policies that stopped in their tracks after a first step. President John F. Kennedy more or less deliberately terminated the antibomb mobilization of the backyard-shelter era with the partial test-ban treaty of 1963. The force of the freeze movement began to dissipate when the House voted for the resolution it sponsored and nothing happened. But the peace logic does not stop with an I.N.F. treaty. If it is wise to ban some bombs, it would be positively brilliant to get rid of them all. Gorbachev has committed himself to that goal. President Reagan agreed, although it is unclear whether he was fully conscious at Reykjavik, where their vows were exchanged. Now both powers can be held to their commitments and made to put them into practice.

Biden's Truth

In a way, the frenzied attacks on Joe Biden's speechmaking and self-presentation concerned the marginalia of politics, the mere annotations of real issues that are expected to inform a presidential campaign. No American politician on the stump today writes his own material, or much of it. Joe just forgot to read the writers' footnotes. Most people exaggerate their achievements and recast their failures in a favorable light. When they get caught, the little lies become the stuff of joke books and late-night TV monologues. Gary Hart changed his name and his age; Ronald Reagan invented a heroic service record and couldn't tell real life from a shooting script. People laughed and went on loving or hating them, for other reasons.

But in another way, Biden's loose lip and fact-fudging got to the heart of the matter, for they illustrated by bad example just how much the political culture and a politician's character shape a campaign. The truth about Biden is that he was a self-created candidate, a synthetic blend of images, rhetoric and associations that suggested a commitment rather than stated one, that projected a position rather than took one, as a magic lantern throws light on a wall. Distort the image, puncture the rhetoric and discredit the associations, and the picture vanishes. In the absence of ideological parties and principled politicians, voters have little choice but to pick their candidates as they would their suits and dresses: for warmth and protection, to be sure, but also for style and a sense of identity. Unfortunately for Biden, deception isn't the look this year.

Even as Biden was disappearing from the race, another media dissimulation was revealed in New York City. Last week a full-page advertisement opposing a ban on smoking on the Metro-North Commuter Railroad appeared in all the metropolitan dailies. The ad was signed by James Phelan, general chairman of the United Transportation Union, which represents some of the railroad's employees. The next day *The New York Times* reported that Philip Morris had helped prepare, and paid for, the "open letter," although the company's name was not mentioned anywhere in the text.

The revelation of Philip Morris's cynical exercise of "cor-

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porate speech" at least had the salutary effect of undermining its self-serving campaign in favor of smoking cars on Metro-North. But the cigarette company's secret sponsorship of the notice also undermined the call elsewhere in the text for studies of the possible "environmental hazards" to workers and passengers associated with the railroad. The expressions of concern about "unknown levels of carbon monoxide and PCB's from the railroad's equipment and disposal practices" and other dangers were, it turned out, nothing but a smokescreen for Philip Morris's propollution message, unaccompanied by the usual cautionary words from the Surgeon General.

The cases of Biden and Philip Morris are not all that different. A more serious issue of political deception than speeches crammed with unattributed quotes is, How many politicians conceal the corporate sponsorship, in the form of political action committee contributions, of some of their messages or the votes they cast in Congress? Biden's misdemeanors remind us that we live in an age of political packaging. But it is also the PAC-age, and the Philip Morris tactic of packaging its prosmoking message with a union label is another example of how corporate dollars pollute the political discourse.

Body on the Line

"With our bodies and our dollars, we will wage peace whether our government likes it or not," Brian Willson said in a mountain village in Nicaragua in the spring. By summer, Willson had sacrificed his own body, as he and about twenty-five other antiwar activists stood in the path of a naval weapons train near Concord, California. As part of a coalition of peace groups called Nuremberg Actions, they had stopped such trains in Concord several times before, in protest against U.S. arms shipments to Central America. But on the morning of August 31 the train did not stop. All the demonstrators but one scurried out of the way. Then the engine whistle sounded, onlookers screamed and the train plowed into Willson, dragged him twenty-five feet, battered his skull and severed both his legs.

"It was quite obvious," Duncan Murphy, another demonstrator said bitterly, "that there was no intention to stop." In fact, it appeared that the train sped up as it approached Willson, in a grisly game of "chicken," Murphy said, with thousands of tons of metal deployed against one man's moral force. But for those who saw the horror on the tracks, and the witnesses who watched it on television, it was a graphic metaphor of what happens to those who dissent from Administration policies: They get run over.

The indifference of the train engineer, the nonchalance of the naval commanders and the marginalization of the event by the news media seemed only reflections of the official disregard of grass-roots protests over Central America. No apologies were offered, no explanation issued, no official remorse expressed after the train sliced through Brian Willson's legs. Like Ben Linder, who was shot by the *contras* in Nicaragua, Willson was blamed for his own undoing.

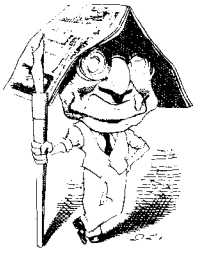
Willson, a 46-year-old Vietnam veteran, has been an outspoken critic of the war in Nicaragua since 1981. After fitful starts as a dairy farmer and a yogurt-drink manufacturer, he opened a veterans' counseling center in Greenfield, Massachusetts, and soon realized that the political context of the vets' anguish could not be decoupled from its psychological consequences. He placed his life on the line, in Nicaragua walking through the war zones, in Washington fasting on the Capitol steps and in Concord stopping trains that carry arms bound for the Salvadoran military. He went about his protests in the spirit of Gandhi and King—aggressively, nonviolently—using his body to intervene in American interventions. He tried, and surely will try again, to bring the war in Nicaragua back to America, from where it came.

I traveled with Willson through the war zones of northern Nicaragua in the spring. After maneuvering along mined roads and visiting victims of *contra* ambushes, Willson vowed to keep up his fight. "I am determined," he said, "to go through what Nicaraguans face daily." One thing Willson found was that, because of his government, daily life in Nicaragua could be as dangerous as lying in front of a locomotive.

BRAD KESSLER

Brad Kessler is a freelance writer living in New York City.

I.F. STONE REPORTS: Gremlins Again?



Something always seems to happen on the way to a summit. The best-known instance, of course, was the U-2 sent aloft in time to be shot down when Dwight Eisenhower and Nikita Khrushchev met in Paris. Last year, before Reykjavik, the Federal Bureau of Investigation chose the moment to spring a long-prepared trap on a Soviet U.N. employee and his "researcher." The Russians retaliated with an espionage frame-up against a U.S. reporter in Moscow and the crisis was deflated only by an exchange of hostages. So it was not a total surprise when a U.S. military patrol in East Germany was shot at near a restricted area just in time to cast a shadow over the news of an intermediate-range nuclear forces agreement opposed by the Pentagon. The truth about such mishaps will never be known. But it may be said that as their number increases, the probability that they are accidental decreases. Why at this moment a patrol in so neuralgic an area? What if the two U.S. servicemen had been killed? Perhaps there ought to be a Kremlin Watch to protect summitry from occult coincidences.

—I. F. STONE

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CALVIN TRILLIN

I was amazed when I heard that the Soviet authorities were referring to Mathias Rust, the polite West German teen-ager who landed his single-engine Cessna in Red Square, as a hooligan. If someone like Rust qualifies as a hooligan among the Russians, it occurred to me, Sean Penn would be well advised to stay out of the Soviet Union. I would give the same advice to John McEnroe—not to speak of my old Army buddy Charlie and the patrons of a number of taverns I used to visit in the days when I had a more finely tuned appreciation for the spectacle of people hitting one another on the head with beer bottles.

I suppose I can understand Rust's being convicted of illegal entry—although in his defense I might say that there was no immigration officer available in Red Square that morning to stamp his passport. But "malicious hooliganism"! If that boy is their idea of a hooligan, I'd like to lead a delegation of Soviet judicial experts to those taverns I used to frequent so they could get some idea of what the real article looks like.

"The guy standing on the bar and pouring pitchers of beer down his throat is not a hooligan, he's just a showoff," I would say late some Saturday night, as the Russians, looking somewhat overdressed in their buttoned-up overcoats, stared intently at the goings-on in Mike's Tap & Grill. "The other guy—the guy who's about to throw a barstool at the showoff—now that's a hooligan."

Ironically, Rust looks like the sort of quiet young man a gang of malicious hooligans might jostle off the sidewalk late in the evening, just for laughs. An unmalicious hooligan—somebody like my Army buddy Charlie, for instance—might just drop a water bomb on his head from a hotel window and then say "Gotcha!" Judging from the verdict in the Rust trial, Charlie would get about a year in a labor camp for that. I don't want to say anything that might strain relations just as some agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union on disarmament seems possible, but I'm beginning to think that those people in the Kremlin can't take a joke.

It may be, of course, that what's meant by hooliganism in the Soviet Union is not the same as what's meant over here, where you ordinarily have to break some furniture to qualify. In fact, Americans don't use the word "hooligan" much. It's basically a British word—often heard these days to describe the sort of fans who demonstrate their enthusiasm at soccer matches by attempting to tear down the bleachers or set fire to the referee. I suppose the Soviet Union got a lot of its information on modern English usage from the gaggle of well-placed spies it had in England for so many years, and, considering the rarefied aesthetic circles in Cambridge that most of the spies came from, the Russians might have been given the impression that anyone who doesn't drink tea with his pinkie raised is a hooligan.

Such a misunderstanding in translation is the normal way to explain any remark from a foreigner that sounds particularly odd to American ears—like the comment by the Ayatollah Khomeini this summer calling for the people of Islam to "smash America's teeth in its mouth." What the Ayatollah said in Farsi, the main language of Iran, might have been an untranslatable idiom that had nothing at all to do with teeth—some ancient and exotic Persian threat like "rip your nose from your face and feed it to unclean animals" or "make a boo-boo on your arm."

Searching for an appropriate English equivalent, the Ayatollah's translator, who very well could have been a student in the United States before the revolution, might have tried to remember what a couple of longshoremen at Mike's Tap & Grill had threatened to do one evening if he didn't quit carrying on about the crimes of the Shah while respectable people were trying to watch the Mets game. One of the phrases they had used didn't sound right; he couldn't have the Ayatollah say that America should be given a knuckle sandwich. Also, "mouth full of Chiclets" seemed dated. Had they said "knock your teeth off"? That didn't sound right. He couldn't remember the precise phrase, but he did remember that when he landed on the sidewalk outside Mike's, he felt as if his teeth had been smashed in his mouth. At Revolutionary Guard rallies, he often spoke of that experience as an act of imperialist aggression by the Satan state America. What it really was, I would like to point out to the folks in the Kremlin, was an authentic case of malicious hooliganism.

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OUR CENTURY, THEIR WORLD

To celebrate its 100th birthday the *International Herald Tribune* recently produced a commemorative called *Centennial Magazine: Our Century, Our World*, with articles on all manner of subjects. The writer of a piece on bridge was Michael Ledeen, who is identified as "a consultant who helped open covert U.S. talks with Iran in 1985." Since such identifications normally boost rather than blame a contributor, this one must be read as an encomium. Should Lieut. Col. Oliver North break into type may we expect him to be described as "a White House national security consultant who broke the impasse on arms sales to the Iranian government"? Or Elliott Abrams as "a State Department official whose fund-raising talents kept financial aid flowing to the *contras* in their darkest hour"? Or Rear Adm. John Poindexter as "the brainy national security adviser whose timely amnesia gave the President 'deniability' during the Iran/*contra* scandal"?

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN
JEFFERSON MORLEY

Draft Dodging

The first draft of the Iran/*contra* committees' report, which began circulating among committee members in mid-September, is probably too hot for the lawmakers to handle, according to a committee staff member. The press has reported that the 1,000-page draft concludes that Ronald Reagan was manipulated by aides into extending the Iran arms deal, but the staff member, who has reviewed sections of the draft, said it blasts Reagan for "lying to the American people." It "brutalizes" Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, "making the case Abrams was significantly more aware of North's *contra* operation than he acknowledged." The writing of some of the toughest sections, he said, has been overseen by John Nields, chief counsel for the House committee. However, he added, the report inevitably will be softened. Democratic staff members have purposely sharpened the first draft so that it will be left with some bite after it is reviewed by more conciliatory members. The final report is due out by the end of this month.

Kemp's Favorite Terrorist

Representative Jack Kemp recently appeared shoulder to shoulder in San Salvador with Roberto D'Aubuisson, the right-wing Salvadoran politician well known for his role in commanding death squads. Kemp was traveling through Central America with fifty right-wing activists from the United States, many of whom have long had a soft spot for D'Aubuisson. In 1981 and 1982, Kemp's staff gave political advice to D'Aubuisson's major fund-raisers. This time around, the Republican presidential candidate shook hands with the Salvadoran terrorist, and together they inveighed against the latest plan for peace in the region. Kemp then returned to the United States, where he commended the State Department for closing the Washington information office of the Palestine Liberation Organization, saying, "America's war on terrorism is being waged strongly."

Dave Hoppe, a spokesman for Kemp, concedes that no one in the P.L.O. office ever attempted to kill a U.S. diplomat, as D'Aubuisson and his gang did in 1984, when they plotted to firebomb Tom Pickering, then the U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador. Hoppe said he had heard vaguely of the "allegations," as if the existence of a plot hadn't been confirmed by the White House and the State Department. The bomb in the Pickering plot blew up prematurely in the hands of a D'Aubuisson underling. The injured Salvadoran was flown to Texas, where he received about two months of treatment at a hospital reserved for U.S. military personnel, according to the *San Antonio Light*. D'Aubuisson's bomber then skipped out on the $78,910 hospital bill. The U.S. taxpayer picked up the tab for the terrorism of Kemp's buddy.

The Turning Bush

The Bush campaign is raising money under false pretenses. When Iowans for Life opened its annual convention on September 12, the Vice President sent a message heartening to antiabortionists. The letter, read to the assembly, pledged support for a constitutional amendment to ban abortion and called for the appointment of Supreme Court Justices who will challenge the right to an abortion, according to Carolyn Thompson, founder of the Iowa group. Noting Bush's pre-1980 opposition to such a constitutional amendment, Thompson said, "He has evolved, moved in the pro-life direction."

That is not what some prospective Bush campaign contributors are being told. Jonathan Bush, George's brother and a top fund-raiser for the campaign, has been selling the Vice President as a candidate who supports the Supreme Court's decision in *Roe v. Wade*. An investment manager who trains his fund-raising sights on Wall Street, he told a reporter for *Regardie's*, a Washington-based business magazine, that part of his pitch to businesswomen is his brother's endorsement of *Roe*. Confirming this to us, Jon Bush described his tactic: "I just say that he supports the right to an abortion and then back off the topic. . . . When you're raising money, there is no time for politics." He added that he does not think abortion is a presidential issue. The Vice President's campaign press secretary, Barbara Pardue, expressed exasperation when asked about Jon Bush's misleading entreaties but would make no official comment.

A Nuclear Gulf

Does the U.S. policy of escorting reflagged Kuwaiti oil tankers pose a nuclear risk? Of the eleven U.S. ships in the Persian Gulf, three are capable of carrying and using nuclear weapons, reports the Center for Defense Information. In a September 3 letter to Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, retired Rear Adm. Gene La Rocque, C.D.I.'s director, proposed that the Navy remove nuclear weapons from those warships. La Rocque listed two concerns. First, if a ship bearing such arms is sunk by a mine or other weapon, the Navy would face both a logistical and a public relations nightmare as it tried to retrieve the warheads. Second, an attack on those ships might set off an explosion that, in turn, could "scatter radioactive material into the atmosphere and Gulf waters with unpredictable results." And, says retired Col. Sam Gardiner of C.D.I., each of the three "nuclear-capable" ships could be sunk easily by a mine. The Navy's policy is neither to confirm nor to deny whether a specific ship carries nuclear weapons. So far, La Rocque has got no response from Weinberger.

Osric's Return

The Osric Dining Society is accepting nominations for its third annual Osric Award. This coveted journalistic prize, named after the sycophantic courtier in *Hamlet*, is bestowed on the scrivener who, in a single article, demonstrates exemplary skill in the arts of "flattery, deference, and self-serving vacuity." Past winners include Hugh Sidey, the house doodler at *Time*, and Morton Kondracke, the McLaughlin Group punching bag. Nominations sent to this column will be forwarded in time for the society's awards banquet. Entries must include a copy of the honored article.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

From Smoking Gun to Smoking Dog: A 'Beat the Devil' Investigation

In Thailand recently I visited Vimanmek, one of the old royal palaces, and, in the course of a guided tour, was taken into a room boasting a throne last inhabited in 1909 by King Chulalongkorn. Our group was told to kneel down on the thick pile carpet, and during a lecture on the room's appointments I grew cramped and gradually extended my legs straight out from the crouch in which they had been constricted. A guard instantly reprimanded me for disrespect to the empty chair before me, and I spent the rest of my tour pondering the reflexes of instilled veneration to authority.

Amid the celebration of the Constitution's bicentennial we would do well to ponder the implications of the saga outlined below, for it spells out in homely syntax the social and spiritual consequences of the imperial presidency and of the Rambo culture engendered in the Reagan era. What follows is drawn first from two reports in the *Topeka Capital-Journal* for September 9 and 10 and then from investigations conducted by this column and my colleague JoAnn Wypijewski.

Splendor in the Grass

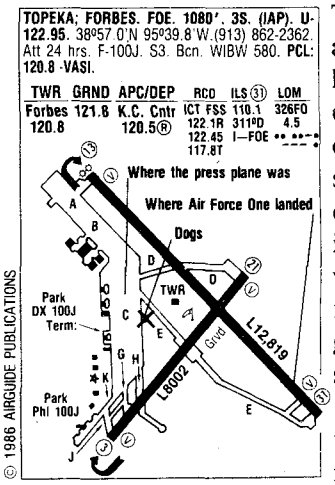
Shortly after noon on Sunday, September 6, Air Force One was heading toward Forbes Field, the airport servicing Topeka, Kansas. In the plane President Reagan was reviewing his impending allocutions in Topeka on the occasion of Alf Landon's 100th birthday. On the ground, security officers of the Metropolitan Topeka Airport Authority were, in cooperation with the Secret Service, securing the area and seeking to insure that nothing would discommode the safety and decorum of welcoming ceremonies for the Commander in Chief.

At approximately 12:15 P.M., as the imaginative eyes of the M.T.A.A. officers anticipated the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Reagan, their physical eyes observed two large dogs—one black, one gray—copulating at the intersection of two taxiways.

A witness then saw two M.T.A.A. security officers approach the dogs. The action was somewhat obscured by the long grass, but in the words of this witness, speaking anonymously to the *Topeka Capital-Journal*, "I could see the officers from the knees up. I saw the uniformed officer, with the full force of a large man, strike these dogs about five or six times." The M.T.A.A. officers retreated. At about 2 P.M. the same officers returned. "The next thing I see," the witness reported, "is a rifle coming out and firing downward at where the animals were. All I heard was one shot." The dogs were then loaded into plastic bags, thrown onto a flatbed truck and driven to the southern end of the airfield.

Confronted with this account, Marvin Hancock, M.T.A.A. deputy director, stated that the Secret Service had ordered airport security "to get them [the dogs] out of there." Attempts to separate the dogs with a welding glove had failed, he said: "They were locked and refused to leave. Since we had Air Force One on final [approach], we had to dispose of the animals." Hancock's men finished the dogs off with rifle fire, dumped them in a truck and then incinerated the bodies.

The facts established by this column are far more disturbing. We have spoken with the individual who first alerted the press, and we have reviewed the episode with Hancock, the White House, the Secret Service, the Sheriff's Department, the Kansas Department of Wildlife and Parks, and the Helping Hands Humane Shelter in Topeka.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Where the press plane was
Where Air Force One landed
Dogs
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The incident began at 12:15 or a little before. This was one full hour before Air Force One landed, at 1:17 as scheduled. The dogs were then mating off to the side of Taxiway C (see X on accompanying diagram). According to an airport worker they were fifty to one hundred feet from the taxiway, in the tall grass not far from the fuel storage area.

While the dogs were mating, the press plane was taxiing nearby, on its way to a parking area. The spot where the dogs were, said our source, was no less than 2,000 feet from Runway 31, where the President was scheduled to land. Even if the dogs had continued their relations for the next hour, it would have been a long run for them to reach the President, and would have been impossible for the President and Nancy to have seen them, given the distance and the tall grass. White House press spokesman Charles Bacarisse told us, "Maybe if the dogs were in the line of sight, if they were in camera view, they would have to have been moved." He was evidently estimating that imagery rather than safety was the primary concern that afternoon at Forbes Field.

The Cover-Up

The airport worker giving us an account of the action said the M.T.A.A. officers were observed from the knees up. It was therefore slightly difficult for the observers to see the dogs' expressions, disposition, etc. They could see the arms of the officers being raised and coming down forcefully. They could see that the men were wielding blunt objects of some sort. They thought they were hammers, but they could have been police sticks. Later—our source says at 2, almost forty-five minutes after the President had landed—the observers saw the officers come to the spot where the dogs were and shoot them. They "could see blood and guts flying, and at that point one of them had to look away."

We have also learned, from the Helping Hands Humane Shelter, that the officers called the tower after the beating and before the shooting to say that the dogs were foaming at the mouth and probably had rabies. They later backed off this explanation. Hancock, head of security at the airport, told us, "We did not make that charge [re rabies], though

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it's a possibility you always have to keep in the back of your mind," adding, "The animals were foaming at the mouth, but we figured that was from exertion."

Then and now airport workers and the people of Topeka are indignant about what happened. "They could've easily chased the dogs away," said one citizen. "They could've put them in the pump house or taken them to the police area at the airport." Hancock says there wasn't time and they didn't have the key to the pump house, *a k a* fuel storage area. "These guys," said one airport worker speaking of the security officers, "are little Rambos; they're real trigger happy." It seems that lots of animals stray across the runway and roam around the vicinity of Forbes Field. Airport police have shot at coyotes in the past, and there have been suggestions that they have poached deer in the area. The dogs themselves were a familiar sight around the airport, as Hancock agreed. They had often strayed into the "airport operations area," he said, but had always been chased off.

Was the President at Risk?

The question of why the dogs were slaughtered raises the matter of risk to the Commander in Chief. The dogs posed no danger to the President or to anyone else. They were off to the side in the grass. They were mating. They were 2,000 feet from where the President's plane was due to land in an hour's time. They were near a taxiway that the President's plane would not have used. And, in fact, the danger dogs pose to aircraft is highly debatable. It depends on the size of the dog and on the size of the plane. Air Force One is a 707. According to our informant, "If it had struck the dogs upon entry there would have been minimal damage to the airplane and substantial damage to the dogs. A dog on a 707's not going to do much damage—except for some blood on the tires."

Who first urged executive action against the dogs is a matter of inference. The Secret Service denies that the beatings and gangland-style execution of the dogs were at its prompting. Special Agent in Charge Doug Buckhol z told us, "The dogs weren't in any way involved in the President's visit to Topeka, Kansas. The Secret Service was not involved with the incident with the dogs. Whatever anyone else said, it's untrue."

Hancock said he was "not surprised" at the Secret Service's disclaimer. But he said a Secret Service "freeze" on all unauthorized activity within a security perimeter was in force and he felt that the Secret Service had clearly intended that the airport take action against the canine intruders.

As indicated Forbes Field is no stranger to nature's diurnal rhythms. About three years ago two forty-pound possums were mating on a runway at night, and a 707 struck them while landing. The airport worker recalled the incident, saying, "The 707 had no damage that I know of; there was nothing left of the possums." A T.W.A. 727 struck a deer on a runway once. There was some damage to the landing gear, and the antlers went through the body of the plane. In neither case were people injured.

"We could not guarantee," said Hancock, "that the dogs would not break free and run into the runway. All this second-guessing about what should've been done seems to show more concern for the dogs' lives than for human life. We didn't have time to debate the issue." He later noted: "Some people who have questioned this action have told me that the President's life is meaningless to them. But whatever you think of the President as a person, you're talking about human life here. There were thirty-six people on board, and it could have meant millions of dollars in property damage. We made our decision." Contrary to all other accounts, Hancock maintains that there was no 105-minute gap between beating and shooting, claiming that attempts at separation began at 1 P.M., culminating in the shooting a few minutes later.

Subsequent investigation of the affair has also become a bureaucratic and political football. Undersheriff Dale Collie in Shawnee County said the airport is out of his jurisdiction and perhaps it was up to the Department of Wildlife and Parks, commonly called Fish and Game, to look into it. Meanwhile, said Collie, the airport is pretty much investigating itself. Hancock claimed he went by the book in disposing of the dogs, incinerating the bodies in accord with Fish and Game regulations and notifying the department of his action. Jim Bennett, a regional wildlife supervisor at the department, said that the guidelines invoked by Hancock do not exist, that the department was not notified so far as he could determine and that normal department disposal procedures do not include incineration. Fish and Game buries its bodies, and, in fact, a woman has claimed she saw a burial take place in the southeast corner of Forbes Field.

The Dogs Are Claimed

Hancock seems to be sleeping easy nights. "If the circumstances were the same, we'd probably have to do the same thing," he said. On September 14, Audrey McCaig of the Helping Hands Humane Shelter wrote to the White House, to a President and First Lady she regards as "animal lovers," asserting that the people in charge of airport police should be severely reprimanded and those responsible for the killing should be fired. The White House acknowledges having received the letter, which, it says, is being forwarded to the appropriate department.

Hancock stressed that no one had claimed the dogs, implying a dog without an owner is a dog without value. And, indeed, there was a mystery about whose dogs they were until, on September 22, Emily Maack of Route 12, Topeka, came forward. We were unable to contact her directly, but she told a reporter for the *Capital-Journal* that she lives on an eighty-acre farm bordering the airport and has working stock dogs, two of which had been missing for a few weeks. The gray dog, she said, sounds just like Speck, a 7- or 8-year-old male, and the black one like Lady, an 18-month-old bitch, who was, said Emily Maack, in heat on the fatal day. She has written in protest to President Reagan, enclosing photographs of Speck and Lady.

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ARTICLES.

CONVICTS JUDGE GOETZ ET AL.

A Verdict by Their Peers

On October 7, "subway gunman" Bernhard Goetz is due to be sentenced. Whether he receives the mandatory minimum year in prison or, as most expect, the judge waives jail "in the interests of justice," the controversy is bound to intensify. The issues in the case were fully ventilated in the press during the trial. Members of one group, however, were not heard from. Herewith the views of some of them.

ROBERT BLECKER

Everybody's entitled to a trial by his or her peers. It's a basic constitutional right. Our rule of law requires that we be judged by others with life experiences and attitudes that allow them to understand, and therefore to condemn or excuse, our behavior. Along comes the Goetz case: In a subway car, a white middle-class mugging victim carrying an unlicensed gun is surrounded by four black youths demanding $5. By his own confession he empties his gun and declares as he stands over the last of his victims, "You look all right—here's another!"

It was an odd trial. The defense attorney was more like the prosecutor; the victims were more like defendants. Not only Bernhard Goetz but those four black youths were on trial. The verdict—not guilty of assault or attempted murder; guilty only of possessing an unlicensed gun—was both applauded and condemned. Had Goetz and his victims been judged by their peers—people who have been mugged and robbed, who have carried unlicensed guns and used them out of fear and in self-defense? Black people who grew up in the ghetto, preyed on and now preying on innocent people? Does there exist such a jury to judge Goetz and Company, one that could understand the situation from both sides and deliberate on their fate?

When the Goetz verdict was announced, I happened to be at Lorton prison in Virginia. The prisoners, virtually all of them black (at no time are more than five of the approximately 1,200 inmates whites) and from the slums of Southeast Washington, were convicted mostly of murder and robbery. Among them sits John Allen, a professional stickup man in his mid-40s doing his latest bit for a robbery he committed from a wheelchair, to which he is permanently confined because a cop's bullet severed his spine. Johnny has already told his early life story in his book, *Assault With a Deadly Weapon: The Autobiography of a Street Criminal*, but now he and I were probing the lives of some of his friends in the joint. So when the Goetz verdict broke I asked him, and together we asked them for their judgment.

"The first time I saw his confession on TV," said Johnny, "I was angry because I looked at it as a black and white thing. Then I started reading stuff about the case and thinking about it. When I watched it again for the third time, one thing stood out to me. He said the guy that was standing closest to him, with all four around him, 'had a smile on his face and a look in his eye that made me *know* what he was going to do.' And I related directly to that."

"You mean to tell me that every time a person smiles, that's anger?" challenged Henry Daniel, imprisoned for distribution of a controlled substance. "You can detect anger from smiling? That's a joke, ain't it. How his eyes look?"

"Me personally, I been in the same situation and felt the same way," insisted Johnny. "I've looked into a face, and I knew from the look on his face, a smile, a smirk, I *knew* that he was going to shoot me."

"What color was that face?"

"White."

"So *you* got this racial thing. You know that the white man going to hurt you, and the white man know the black man going to attack him."

"No!" snapped Johnny. "When I seen the look on his face, the look in his eye, I see a man with a gun. I didn't see a white man with a gun, I didn't see a black man with a gun, I seen a *man* with a gun. Goetz probably never have that experience before, or again, but that look on a guy's face, that gleam in that motherfucker's eye, that make me *know* this dude getting ready to do something to me."

The conversation was about to shift, but I was curious. "Were you right?" I asked.

"I didn't wait to find out. I shot that policeman first!"

Many people sympathize with Goetz; many fewer with the other four. Perhaps a majority disassociate themselves from all involved. Guns, guns, guns. Why do people, black or white, carry or use them? What goes on in their heads?

"My opinion is, especially as it relates to guns, it's better to have it and don't need it than to need it and don't have it. Another thing. I'd rather for the police to catch me with it than for the thugs to catch me without it. I'd rather shoot the wrong person and be wrong than be killed. It's as simple as that," said David (Itchy) Brooks, the Lorton boxing coach, convicted of a murder he denies. "That may be my form of justice, but then we all have our own form of justice."

Itchy described a vivid childhood memory: "When I was about 9 years old, a woman came in my house. My aunt was a secretary for a lawyer. And evidently she was fooling with the lawyer, so they were in my house. And the man's wife came in my house in a full room of seven kids and two parents, my aunt and this guy. And she shot him about four times in that room. It really had an impact on me then, because you

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think of your father at an age like that as being invincible. But when he saw the fire coming out of that gun, he wasn't so invincible. And nobody else in the room was either.

"So all of a sudden it seemed like the power of a gun did something to me. You know what I mean? This was a little frail woman with a gun, and she put terror in the hearts of a room full of people. So, whatever might have been her problem with her husband, she solved it with a gun. And somehow there was an association in my mind of solving problems with guns. So, within a couple of weeks I had stolen a gun. And hid it in my house and would polish it every day. Just to hold it in my hand give me the power over life or death. You know, 'cause with a gun in your hand you decide who live and who don't.

"When the situation comes up, a person that might be impulsive in dealing with emotions, there's no telling what he might do with a gun. Now if I had to do this all over, I would think about where this was leading. But I didn't think about nothing but the gun in my pocket. It makes all the difference in the world when you got an instant solution. The whole thing is fear. Everybody's scared so everybody has a weapon. Nobody wants to be seen as scared. The people who are considered to be the strong people are the people who take everything from the scared people. So you got to project an image. Sometimes the image gets us killed. Sometimes it gets us more time than we can do."

Or, as Reginald Brooks, a convicted burglar, said, "The world is controlled by the force of what comes out of that gun."

But to understand carrying that gun is not necessarily to condone it. "He didn't go to the subway with the gun just for protection," Henry pointed out. "Why would a person carry a gun if he weren't looking for it? After he got into the environment that created the act, he used it to his benefit."

"What about the fact that he had been attacked previously as the reason he started carrying the gun?" asked Johnny.

"You don't be less than a man to walk away from trouble. You be a good man if you can avoid trouble. He used the excuse of going to work. Maybe he was going to work. But look at his intent. You mean a man goes to work every day with a gun, strapped down like John Wayne? On the subway? You tell me that's the way a citizen go to work?"

Carrying a gun is one thing; using it, another. The inmates understood and sympathized with Goetz's predicament, to a degree. "I've been robbed and I have robbed," said Isaac Cooke. "Yes, I think you have the right to go to any lengths to protect yourself and your personal property." Yet Ike ultimately condemned the response: "Maybe he did feel threatened, but I think he really overreacted to the situation." That feeling was widely shared.

"He just took action," said Tony Ferebee, convicted of murder, armed robbery and carrying an unlicensed pistol. "This dude, he just point blank shot them. I understand he might be in fear. I might be nervous if the dudes come around me, but I'm going to wait and see if they going to finish conversating or they going to take action. I might ask, 'What's up? Hey man, what's up with you? I ain't got no money.' I might take that kind of time before I pull out a gun and use it. Maybe he wouldn't think like that. Maybe he would take action because he feel like his life in jeopardy. But me, I'd take a chance because it's in me to take that chance."

"Even if you go into enemy territory," said Henry, "the first thing they do is give you some kind of warning. He don't necessarily have to shoot them. He could have said, 'Hey man, I got a gun; I don't want you bothering me. Step back.' Now if they persist on coming, then I can understand him defending himself. But you can't use your inability to guess what my next move is. Just because I said, 'Give me five dollars.' No man can look into another man's mind and tell what he going to do. You got to first see motion."

"I can't understand 16- or 17-year-olds being a serious threat to an armed man who knows how to use a weapon," insisted Reggie. "These kids were standing there, totally dumbfounded to the real reality of life. Here's a guy who's able to shoot four people. None of them think to attack him. No one grabbed him. That would have been the best defense. He could have never shot them if they were professionals."

Johnny agreed: "First thing, we would have shook him down, make sure he wasn't armed. But if he was lucky enough to get one, he never would have got the other three. They would have been all over him. Four young'uns and they didn't know what they were doing. They fucked up and fell in the hornets' nest."

I couldn't let that go by. "But these were hardly good kids. One of them is doing eight and a third to twenty-five for rape."

"What do you expect?" Reggie replied. "If you told me these kids had high school diplomas or were on the honor roll, were football players and members of a church, I could have a problem with that. But you take a person with a

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blank background, a kid dummy down from the day he was born. A pharmaceutical junkie, his mother probably of less standard, his father not in the home. The kid grows up. He becomes socially maladjust. School doesn't teach him anything. He sees all the materialistic glitter of the world around him. He doesn't know how to obtain this except for what he learns in the community. And the community says, 'Man, shit, when I ain't got it, I do like they do; I take it.' So he goes off into his own little pursuit of taking it. What else is there for him to accept except criminality? He certainly can't go get a job. He can't fill out the application. He couldn't read it."

Whatever sympathy the prisoners had for Goetz himself, there was mostly scorn for the jury verdict and the system it represented, a system of racism and double standards.

"A miscarriage of justice," Henry called it. "I'm looking at the act that he committed. If justice is equal, it should be applied in the Goetz case as it is in a million other cases. Very few cases you find which have that level of violence in it where an individual be set completely free. You can't say this is not a race thing. It's there and you can see it in there, from the way this dude was treated for committing a crime and the criminal justice system give him a carte blanche card."

"I think the verdict was biased due to racial aspects of the case," said Ike. "I think he saw four black dudes and he decided, 'Well, this is my chance to do something great.'"

Johnny refused to buy all this. At one point he blurted out, "I think you hung up on the black/white thing like so many other people. Unconsciously you automatically say, 'Oh man, he shot them four brothers; he didn't have to do that.' Your instinct make you do that. But I know if four men surrounded me in a secluded place, if it be four black dudes, four white dudes, four Chinese or four polka dot and the same thing had happened, it wouldn't make no difference. There ain't no doubt about it. I'd a fired their ass up! I woulda done the very same thing he done, and accept the consequences. Tried to explain where I'm at to the jury but if they can't understand, then, hey. . . ."

But the consensus was against him. "It depends on the station you have in life. On the real side," complained Reggie. "I know if I were in that situation, I would have four counts of attempted murder, I would be tried for it, and I would be convicted of it, by that same jury. And I would be punished. Because if you're called into court to account for your behavior and you don't provide for yourself in the socially normal way, like have a job, you will be convicted by a reasonable jury made up of your fellow citizens, anywhere in America."

"Anywhere?" I asked. "Would a black jury convict you?"

"Sure, just as quick. Without a doubt."

"Black people tend to think they have something to prove to people in authority over them," explained Itchy. "I would much rather go to court and have a white jury than a black jury. Every time I ever seen a black jury, seems like they feel, 'I'm a black middle-class representative of this white society. So I got to let these people know that I'm not one of the element that's causing all the problems. So whatever he does, I'm going to slam him in the ground for it.' They will convict quicker and give harsher sentences all in the name of proving 'I'm alright and he ain't nothing but some shit.'"

Itchy summed it up: "We're in a world that's centered around power that's related to violence. And violence gets you what you want. So that's what you use. In your world it's still a system of preying. It's just using your mind instead of your muscle, for real. The lawyer, the doctor, it's a con game; it's no different."

"What's the doctor's con?" I asked skeptically.

"The doctor? His con usually is the money he's going to get from the government. He sees your gall bladder as a new car; your tonsils as a suit. You ain't got to have tonsil problems; he'll take them out 'cause it's a ring that his wife wanted. It might seem warped to a person who's never looked at it from that angle, but that's what's happening. That's the real world. People preying on people; doing the same thing we're doing. They just got different methods. I don't think they should be mad at me for playing my con, if I'm not mad at them for playing theirs. What I try to do in dealing with their con is get off as cheap as I can. And when they deal with mine, they got to try to get off as cheap as they can. I know I'm at a disadvantage when I'm playing by their rules. They've got to understand that they're at a disadvantage when they're playing by mine. It's as simple as that."

So what's the verdict? Johnny, perhaps alone, holds out for acquittal. Unanimous only in their ambivalence and anger, this group of hardened criminals demands that the system which controls them live up to its professed ideal of equal justice under law—whoever gets caught "right" should be put away, rich or poor, black or white.

Passing the strips of dormitories separated by basketball courts, through the maze of heavy metal gates, passing armed guards rustling in the tower, I felt disoriented when I got outside and the transplanted streets of Southeast Washington had suddenly turned into rolling Virginia farmland.

"I think what he did was wrong but I can understand it; but from society's side, I can't," Reggie Brooks had said. The statement took on wider meaning. What they do to us, to themselves, what we feel compelled to do to them in return—what a waste. Why can't these guys and society make peace? □

SUPREME COURT WATCH REPORT ON JUDGE BORK

The Supreme Court Watch project of The Nation Institute has produced an exhaustive analysis of Robert Bork's positions on several civil rights and civil liberties issues. To order a copy, write Emily Sack, director, The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. Please include $4 for shipping.

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THE OTHER NANCY DAVIS

Not Necessarily The First Lady

JON WIENER

Nancy and Ronald Reagan met, they have repeatedly said, when she was blacklisted by mistake in the early 1950s after having been confused with another actress who had the same name, Nancy Davis. The other Nancy Davis, they said, really was a Communist. Reagan, then president of the Screen Actors' Guild (SAG), helped the first Nancy prove she wasn't the Communist Nancy Davis, and she was able to work again. Along the way they fell in love, and the rest is history.

Today the other Nancy Davis works at a snack bar in Ventura, California. "She's been lying about me for years," she says of the First Lady. "I never was a Communist. I told Reagan back in the fifties that if she didn't stop saying I was a Communist, I'd sue her."

Ronald Reagan wrote in his autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, that because his wife-to-be was assumed to be the other Nancy Davis, "her name kept showing up on rosters of Communist front organizations, affixed to petitions of the same coloration, and her mail frequently included notices of meetings she had no desire to attend, and accounts of these meetings as covered by the *Daily Worker*." The events he described took place in 1953, according to Anne Edwards's recently published *Early Reagan*, based in part on SAG archives. Nancy Davis Reagan was asked by Columbia Pictures to explain why her maiden name appeared on the amicus curiae brief supporting the Hollywood Ten. Ron, who was by then her husband, contacted B.B. Kahane, Columbia vice president in charge of security, indignantly explaining that there were two Nancy Davises and that the other one was the Communist.

Nancy herself demanded an apology, and got one from Kahane: "Of course, we could have taken it for granted that the wife of Ronald Reagan could not possibly be of questionable loyalty and could have disregarded that report." You could call that innocence by association. Kahane continued: "But as the citation was merely the signing of the amicus curiae brief and many persons signed this brief who we have been convinced are not now and never were Communists or sympathizers, we informed you of the citation believing that a satisfactory explanation would be forthcoming."

That was a lot nicer than the letter Kahane had written to Rita Hayworth's attorney, Martin Gang, the previous year, when Kahane sought to clear her name from the blacklist. Hayworth, unlike Nancy Reagan, was asked to submit a sworn statement that "should set forth the fact (if, as I assume, it is a fact) that she is not now and never has been a member of the Communist Party. It should also contain a positive, forthright affirmation of her loyalty to the United States and I hope, a strong condemnation of Communistic subversive groups and ideologies."

Kahane's letter to Nancy contained one striking admission: The studio recognized that not all supporters of the Hollywood Ten were Communists or "sympathizers." Obviously, this included the Nancy Davis who had signed the brief. Nevertheless, Nancy Davis Reagan has repeatedly described the other Nancy Davis as a Communist. "It's not true," says the other Nancy Davis, who skated in several Sonja Henie movies. "I didn't have anything to do with the Communists. I never signed anything about the Hollywood Ten. After I threatened to sue her, she stopped saying those things for a while. Then in the eighties it's begun again.

"It is true that we were confused with each other. I'd get her paychecks and she'd get mine. Hers were bigger. We'd exchange them. And once I got an invitation to a fancy event at the Beverly Hills Hotel; it said, 'Bring Mr. Reagan.' I brought Tony Reagan; he was a casting director at Paramount."

The other Nancy recalls that she was summoned to a meeting with SAG president Reagan to discuss the "two Nancys" problem. "He told me I had to change my name," she recalled. "He suggested I use 'Nancy Lee Davis.' I told him I wouldn't; I was the first Nancy Davis in the guild, so under the rules she had to change her name. But he was the boss, and he insisted. I realized he could cause me a lot of trouble. So I changed my name."

After Nancy Davis Reagan was cleared to work in 1953, she appeared in a supporting role in *Donovan's Brain*. In the film, an evil tycoon dies and his brain is kept alive by a scientist, played by Lew Ayres; the brain takes the scientist over and makes him do terrible things. (The film was recently brought to life with William Casey as the dead tycoon and Reagan himself in the Lew Ayres role.)

What about Nancy and Ronald Reagan's story that they met and fell in love when he cleared Nancy of charges that she was associated with Communists? It couldn't have happened the way they said it did because, according to Anne Edwards, Nancy Davis Reagan was not linked to the Hollywood Ten by Columbia Pictures until 1953, when she was already married to the future President. In fact they had met in 1949, when, according to Edwards, Nancy had told producer Dore Schary's wife, Miriam, she wanted to meet Reagan, and the Scharys invited both to a small dinner party. The Scharys' daughter, author Jill Robinson, recalled the evening: Reagan described the evils of Communism and Nancy "kept smiling at him in agreement." Soon after, Reagan's brother Neil told a friend, "It looks as if this one has her hooks in him."

Thus there were two Nancy Davises in Hollywood in the early 1950s. One called the other a Communist. That was not true. The first one ended up in the White House, and the other one ended up in Ventura, California, flipping burgers in a snack bar. That's show business in America. □

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PALESTINIAN UNIONS

Force for Change In the West Bank

JOOST R. HILTERMANN

When Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin launched his "Iron Fist" policy in the West Bank and Gaza Strip in August 1985, one of his chief targets was the Palestinian labor movement. In the past ten years, Palestinian union organizing has become the largest active mass-based movement in the occupied territories and is clearly viewed by Israeli authorities as a potential source of new grass-roots forms of nationalist resistance. Claiming that the unions were fronts for the Palestine Liberation Organization, during the first few months of Rabin's new policy the authorities placed twenty-one activists, including more than half the executive committee of the militant Workers Unity Bloc (W.U.B.), in administrative detention, where they may be held up to six months without trial (and any number of additional six-month periods if the authorities wish to renew the sentence), and deported two W.U.B. leaders to neighboring Jordan. All the detainees were released after six months, but most were put under town arrest in July 1986, also for a renewable period of six months.

At present at least six union leaders are under administrative detention, and at least twenty-one others are restricted to their hometowns. In addition, the head office of a union federation in Nablus has been shut down for a year. The past two or three years have seen numerous break-ins of union offices by the Israeli Army, confiscation of union materials, arrests of activists and a pattern of intimidation aimed at the members.

Currently there are more than a hundred active unions in the West Bank. Most of them have been refused a license by the military authorities. Their membership has grown tremendously in recent years. Union leaders estimate that between 10 and 35 percent of West Bank workers (including those in Jerusalem) have joined unions. The Israeli response has been fierce. The military authorities are apprehensive of any form of organizational activity by Palestinians, and they are particularly worried about the potential political strength of unions on Palestinian national issues. Although the unions' primary focus has been on work-related activities, it is inevitable that those concerns, so prominent in daily life under occupation, will be brought up time and again. The authorities are doubtless aware of developments in South Africa, where black unions, heavily restricted in their activities from the beginning, managed to gain a large constituency through their dogged defense of workers' rights and then began to address national, antiapartheid issues once they had become too large to be repressed.

In early 1982 in the Jerusalem newspaper *Kol Ha'Ir*, Israeli researcher Meron Benvenisti described a scenario in which Palestinian workers from the territories would carry out a mass work stoppage in Israel, completely paralyzing vital sectors of the Israeli economy. Although such a strike is unimaginable today, when the unions are still young and relatively inexperienced, some unionists do see it as a future method of engaging the occupation authorities.

Repression is not new to labor organizers in the West Bank and Gaza. From the beginning of the occupation, in 1967, union activists have been imprisoned and deported, and their offices have been closed by the Israeli military. The unions that had been active under the Jordanian occupation consequently went into a state of hibernation after 1967. Revived by activists in the late 1970s, however, trade unions now try to meet the demands of a growing labor force, many of whose younger members have known life only under the occupation. The unions' new recruits include a growing number of the estimated 120,000 West Bank and Gaza workers who daily cross the post-1948 "Green Line" in search of work in Israel, and who are not protected by Israel's largest trade union federation, the Histadrut.

Palestinian wage laborers who work in Israel express both satisfaction with the wages they earn in the more sophisticated Israeli economy and bitterness about harsh working conditions and discrimination in the workplace. Palestinians are usually employed as manual workers supervised by a Jewish foreman, and in factories they are often segregated from the Jewish employees. Although a Palestinian worker is entitled to certain benefits if he or she is registered with the local authorities—and at least half the Palestinian labor force employed in Israel is not—these benefits do not even approximate those received by a Jewish worker in the same job, even though both have the same percentage deducted from their pay slips. The amount of money withheld from Palestinian workers for social security and national insurance has become a scandal in Israel and has led to a tug-of-war between the Histadrut, which wants access to the funds (which now run in the millions of dollars), and the government-controlled labor exchanges, which issue the pay slips. The Histadrut does not allow Palestinian workers to become members of the federation, although reduced membership dues are deducted from their wages. Explains Yerucham Meshel, secretary general of the Histadrut from 1973 to 1984, "We have never attempted to formally organize these workers as Histadrut members in order to avoid the impression that we support the annexation of the administered [*sic*] territories." That sentiment has not prevented Histadrut-owned construction companies from taking government contracts for building Jewish settlements on the West Bank.

West Bank and Gaza workers are excluded from the Histadrut-controlled work committees on the shop floor. Any Palestinian worker who is seen organizing fellow workers runs the risk of immediate dismissal, or even more serious trou-

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ble from the Shin Beth, the Israeli security service. West Bank and Gaza unions consequently have little leverage in the Israeli workplace, and can do next to nothing to protect the rights of workers there. Since they have no effective jurisdiction, their activities are limited to advising workers on how to negotiate with bosses or telling them to hire a lawyer in the event of arbitrary dismissal—a common occurrence.

A Hebron unionist recalled one of the rare successful suits, brought against the Jerusalem-based Peres Pingad construction company, which in 1983 suddenly changed the way it paid its wages: "[Payment] used to come through the post office, where you would get evidence of receipt. But in 1983 they began paying wages directly, thereby changing the workers' contracts from annual to daily. Our union sent a memo to the Israeli labor inspector in the West Bank, and through our federation we hired a lawyer, Felicia Langer. Under pressure and fearing a scandal, the owners reverted then to the old method of payment, and raised wages."

Several union activists report that strikes by Palestinians from the occupied territories occur frequently in the Israeli workplace, but they tend to be short, since there is no strike fund to sustain long actions. The unions have been most successful in West Jerusalem, as in the strike at the Berman bread bakeries in the fall of 1985 and earlier strikes in a number of tourist hotels, which employ many West Bank Palestinians as dishwashers and cleaners.

Given the restrictions imposed on the unions, why would a West Bank youth employed across the Green Line in Israel decide to join a union in his own village or in Jerusalem? A typical case is Abd-al-Fatah, a 17-year-old Palestinian day laborer from the village of Se'ir, near Hebron. He leaves his home at 4:30 every morning except Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, and walks to the center of the village, an hour's distance from his family house. From Se'ir he takes a bus to Jerusalem, where he arrives between 6:30 and 7 in the morning. There he joins the hundreds of West Bank workers who are already waiting in the city's Musrara quarter, where Israeli employers or contractors drive by to pick up whatever number of workers they need—at the lowest rate.

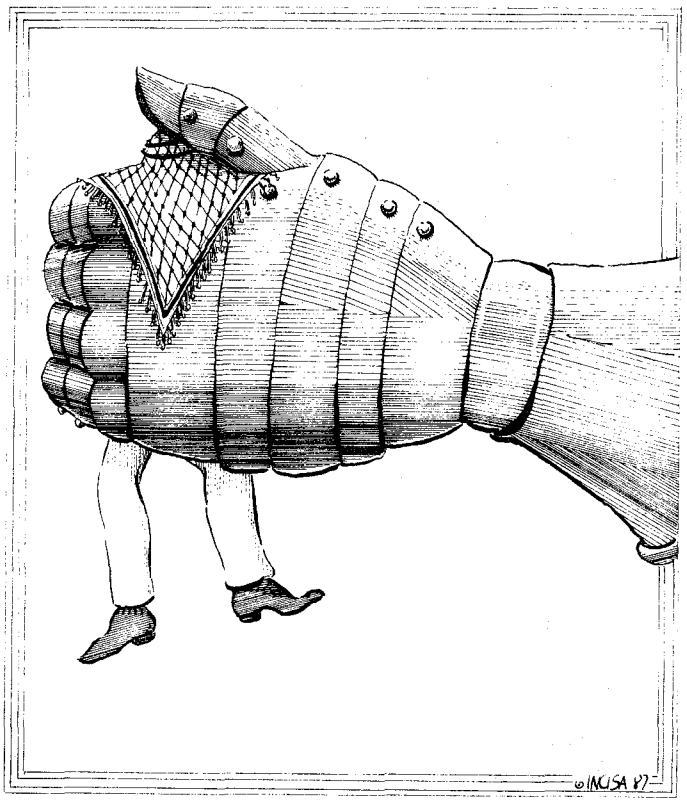
Israelis routinely refer to this type of informal labor market as a *shuk avadim*, or "slave market." The name is appropriate, considering the conditions under which Palestinians are forced to toil. One morning at the Ashkelon slave market, I found not only scores of workers who had not been picked up by 9—and probably wouldn't be that day—I also discovered that among the twenty or so workers I talked to, at least six had university degrees, some from foreign universities. Since employment opportunities in Gaza are extremely limited, they had been forced to look for manual labor in Israel.

"Usually I find work only on two or three days out of the week," Abd-al-Fatah explained. "Once it becomes clear that there won't be any work, I go home, maybe around 11. If I get work, I earn maybe ten or twelve shekels [about $7] per day. Transportation is expensive, and at the end of the week I have hardly earned enough to make ends meet for me and my family."

Abd-al-Fatah says he recently joined a Jerusalem union because he needed social contact with youths his age and because he wanted to take advantage of the union's health plan. He also hoped that through the union he would be able to find more regular employment, either in Israel or in the West Bank itself. He recognized the limitations of the union in providing him tangible benefits, but he seemed quite satisfied. He also expressed approval of the union's political program, which openly and explicitly addresses the issue of military occupation and its consequences for workers.

Most unionists assert the need for some form of national alliance with the Palestinian entrepreneurial class in the occupied territories. They often point out that owners also suffer from the occupation, through heavy taxation and import and marketing restrictions, and that undue labor demands might aggravate their position beyond the point of profitability. Adel Ghanem, general secretary of one of the three union federations in the West Bank, the Progressive Workers Bloc, said: "This is a unique occupation. It wants to remove us from our land, whereas the British only wanted to exploit us. So we have to strike a kind of balance between the national and the class struggle and help the local, national industries, because this way we would also protect the workers." Hence conciliation usually succeeds over confrontation. Strike action against local industries is rare and is usually limited to employers who are seen as excessively exploitative. There have, for example, been strikes against larger employers who are heavily subsidized by the Palestinian-Jordanian Joint Committee (a fund set up by the Arab countries to support Palestinian institutions and administered by the P.L.O. and Jordan) and who thought they could pay their workers below-subsistence wages.

As mentioned, the Israeli authorities' standard argument against the unions is that they serve as fronts for the various



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factions of the P.L.O. Since the P.L.O. is officially designated a "terrorist organization," the crackdown on unions has gone practically unopposed by Israelis usually sympathetic to labor rights. Palestinians, however, consider the P.L.O. to be their legitimate representative. So, although West Bank unions have their own programs, attuned to local conditions, they also clearly identify with the P.L.O. or one of its factions. According to the P.L.O. charter, all Palestinians are automatically members by virtue of birth, not by paying membership dues or carrying an enrollment card. It is therefore just as normal for the P.L.O. to promote social, cultural and trade union activities in the West Bank and for trade unions to take positions close to P.L.O. views, as it is easy for the Israeli authorities to accuse trade unions and other organizations of being "terrorist fronts."

Unionists are eager to acknowledge their unions' support of the P.L.O., and they articulate nationalist positions. A Workers Unity Bloc leader explained that his group is "like a political party, but since we cannot have parties, it is not a party." And W.U.B. secretary general Ali Abou Hilal declared, only a few months before he was deported to Jordan in January 1986, "The conflict here is a national conflict between the Zionist movement and the Palestinian people. I support a democratic state for the Palestinian people in Palestine. Our strategy aims at a democratic state as a transitional stage. First we must eliminate national oppression, and then the socialist struggle will begin."

Few Israeli union activists are able to support such a union platform. Unionists affiliated with Rakah (the Israeli Communist Party) and some smaller progressive Israeli groups have been the lone exceptions to this, publicizing some of the obstacles that West Bank unions constantly face in their organizing activities. The military authorities, in turn, have been singularly successful in closing down union offices and placing activists in administrative detention. In response to a query from Al-Haq ("Law in the Service of Man"), a local human rights organization, as to how the authorities justified their temporary closure of one of the main union federations in Nablus in August 1986, the legal adviser to the military government in the West Bank wrote: "The activity which took place in that federation is as far removed from the activities in which a professional union should be involved as East is from West." Full stop. No further explanation or details were given, and there is no legal recourse to decisions issued by the military commander.

The Israeli repression of West Bank unions has gone largely unnoticed outside Israel. The situation in the Gaza Strip, however, is much worse. Until 1979 none of the seven unions active in the Gaza Strip before 1967 and shut down following the June war were allowed to reopen, and after 1979 they could operate only under their pre-1967 leadership and without recruiting new members. After twenty years of occupation and the emergence of an entirely new labor force consisting predominantly of day workers employed in Israel, the Gaza unions were therefore rendered effectively inoperative.

Only this year did young activists succeed in breaking the pattern of Israeli repression in what may prove to have been a turning point in Gaza union history. In violation of a military directive prohibiting union elections, the Carpenters and Building Workers Union organized elections on February 21, 1987. Israeli soldiers, who apparently had not expected a major turnout, were posted in relatively small numbers in and around the entrance of the one and only union building in the city of Gaza. But seventy-one workers did in fact show up and, accompanied by foreign press and the leaders of the Rakah bloc in the Histadrut, pushed past the surprised soldiers, who could not utter more than token objections.

The military authorities in Gaza, joined by the Shin Beth, retaliated quickly. The elections were declared illegal and the newly elected union leaders were summoned to the Gaza military headquarters and told to annul them. When the leaders refused, the Shin Beth resorted to more brutal tactics. They took the son of one veteran Gaza union organizer, Muhammad Sha'ban, who had been instrumental in organizing the elections, from his father's house, dragged him to a nearby beach, beat him severely and then left him in serious condition next to the coastal road. The boy managed to get a ride home, where he fell unconscious. He recovered only after major hospital treatment. The unionists were subsequently informed that they should expect more of the same if they did not mend their ways. But the activists have remained steadfast, and the election results stand. What is more, a second union, the Commercial and General Services Workers Union, managed to hold elections in defiance of a military ban on April 4, and a third union held elections in June. Such determination was previously unimaginable.

Forms of repression such as those described above are common under military occupation, and unions have grown accustomed to working within the confines of habitual repression. Although any effort to suppress union activity means a setback for labor organizing, the union movement in the West Bank continues to gain strength, and West Bank unions are showing themselves to be increasingly successful in addressing issues of workers' rights, be it in Israel's workplaces or in the West Bank itself. In the words of one union leader, "The authorities have not succeeded [in their attempt to suppress union activity]. Perhaps we have not been able to do all that we wanted to do, but the point is not to complain about the problems of the workers but to change things." □

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Toxic Wastes

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

habitat. But he knew that the letter, like the problem of hazardous and toxic waste disposal, was no joke. Gamma Trading appears to be part of a growing shadow industry that is exporting those wastes from the United States, particularly to countries in the Third World. And U.S. government agencies that are supposed to enforce the laws regulating such shipments lack the money and the personnel to do the job.

The material that is being exported includes heavy metal residues and chemical-contaminated wastes, pharmaceutical refuse, and municipal sewage sludge and incinerator ash. The risks involved for countries that accept the wastes range from contamination of groundwater and crops to birth defects and cancer.

Traditionally, the majority of U.S. toxic waste exports have gone to Canada, where regulations are less stringent than in the United States. Under an agreement between the two countries, massive amounts of toxic wastes are exported to a landfill site in Quebec Province and an incinerator in Ontario. But the most abrupt increase is in shipments to the Third World, where regulations are either nonexistent or sketchily enforced. The crucial difference, however, is that waste exports to Canada are legal and aboveboard. The rising tide of exports to the Third World cannot easily be documented, for it is frequently concealed. However, using court records, interviews and documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, we have been able to piece together a number of previously unreported examples of the shadowy trade in hazardous wastes. Some have come to light because the companies concerned were convicted of illegal activity; others because we managed to obtain export authorization records from the Environmental Protection Agency; and still others because records show that the foreign government involved has refused to accept the wastes.

The sources also demonstrate the degree to which U.S. government agencies are involved in the hazardous waste export trade. U.S. officials who are aware of the sensitive legal and foreign policy questions involved seem reluctant to crack down on illegal dumpers, although recently some of the most blatant offenders have been prosecuted. But the government itself is responsible for generating a significant portion of the hazardous waste exports. One large illegal operation broken up by law enforcement officials last year was obtaining more than half its toxic wastes from various branches of the Federal government, mainly the military.

Underlying the search for new overseas markets is an explosion in the volume of recorded hazardous wastes being produced in the United States. According to the General Accounting Office, the amount rose from about 9 million metric tons in 1970 to at least 247 million in 1984. Other experts place the current figure close to 400 million metric tons—or ten pounds per person per day. Western Europe and Japan produce much less per capita, apparently because of more efficient production processes and a greater awareness of the limits of landfill disposal space. All of Western Europe, in fact, generates only an estimated 30 million to 40 million metric tons of hazardous wastes annually. The cost of disposing of U.S. wastes has also risen dramatically. In 1976, disposal cost $10 a ton; today the figure is between $60 and $140 a ton, in some cases even higher.

As scientists discover the environmental and public-health problems created by past disposal practices, landfills across the United States have been forced to close. Major concerns include the contamination of groundwater by hazardous chemicals that leach from dump sites and the creation of dangerous breakdown products, such as highly toxic dioxins, during incineration. Within a decade, according to the E.P.A., more than half the states will have completely exhausted their landfill capacity and be unable to accept hazardous wastes, adding further to the cost of transport and disposal.

Since 1980, companies that intend to export hazardous wastes have been required by the Resource Conservation Recovery Act to send notices to the E.P.A.'s Office of International Activities, and since last November they have had to show they have the permission of the receiving country. The number of shipments thus documented has risen from just thirty in 1980 to more than 400 last year. (More than half of those went to Canada.) Although the number of notices for shipments to Third World countries has jumped sharply, from four in 1984 to nineteen in 1986, those figures do not tell the whole story. They do not include, for example, wastes not yet officially classified as hazardous; according to a recent study by the G.A.O., the "E.P.A. does not know whether it is controlling 90 percent of the existing waste or 10 percent. Likewise it does not know if it is controlling the wastes that are most hazardous." There is also the problem of overlapping jurisdictions within the E.P.A. Export of certain chemicals, like polychlorinated biphenals (PCBs), is forbidden by the Toxic Substances Control Act and is regulated by the E.P.A.'s toxic substances division, which does not handle wastes.

Even some of the exports that appear to fall under the E.P.A.'s purview are escaping detection. According to one knowledgeable E.P.A. official, who did not wish to be named, "Many exporters don't bother to give notice to the agency because there isn't any enforcement." Gary Steakley, an E.P.A. enforcement official, added, "We have been promised funding increases for the last few years for enforcement of toxic wastes but have received nothing. Regulations [don't stop] supplies of illegal drugs. Why should they stop dumping of toxic wastes?" By comparing Customs Service records at various U.S. ports with the notices sent to the E.P.A., says one well-placed source, "E.P.A. auditors have detected many more shipments than were reported to the agency. The amount of trade is as much as eight times more. That's not including smugglers who elude customs. I think many countries are having it sneaked in." (This is some-

Andrew Porterfield and David Weir are journalists at the Center for Investigative Reporting in San Francisco. InterNation is an international consortium of publications, drawing on a global network of journalists, which publishes investigative stories on subjects that cross national boundaries.

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times with the complicity of officials in those countries.)

While the E.P.A. attempts, within severe budgetary constraints, to regulate the trade in hazardous wastes, other U.S. government agencies appear to be encouraging it, at least to the extent of selling wastes to exporters. In two cases such sales have come to light as a result of criminal proceedings against waste handlers. Until last year, when a Federal court in New York sentenced them to thirteen years in jail for fraudulent business practices, Jack and Charles Colbert were making big money as toxic waste exporters. They had amassed huge volumes of explosive and poisonous wastes in twenty warehouses over primarily the eastern half of the country, from Texas to South Carolina to the Canadian border. Many shipments were sent overseas, to India, South Korea, Nigeria and Zimbabwe. Federal and New Jersey State prosecutors were eventually able to stop the Colberts because they falsely labeled their waste products as pure chemicals, to mislead their overseas buyers. In the case that sent them to jail, the Colberts sold wastes, labeled as dry-cleaning solvent, to a company in Zimbabwe sponsored by the U.S. Agency for International Development.

The Colberts purchased their wastes from the Navy, the Army, the Defense Department and the Agriculture Department. They also bought lead-tainted engraving paper from the Treasury Department's Bureau of Engraving. Fortunately, the paper was never sold. Just after New Jersey authorities seized one of the Colberts' warehouses in Newark, "Some guy came by who wanted to buy the paper for an African country," says Bruce Comfort, an investigator for the New Jersey Department of Environmental Protection. "He was going to have it sold to Africa as toilet paper. He didn't know it was contaminated."

The Colberts' scheme wasn't an isolated case. In 1984, American Electric, a Jacksonville, Florida, company run by businessman Maxwell Cobb, tried to sell PCB-laden wastes to Honduras. Much of Cobb's material was acquired under a large contract with the Defense Department to handle wastes from military bases up and down the East Coast. According to Bob Yerkes, an Assistant U.S. Attorney who helped prosecute Cobb, "The problem was that there was not enough evidence. The government records were not precise. A jury acquitted him." (Cobb went to jail anyway, on a drug conviction.)

Major U.S. cities, as well as Federal agencies, have joined the waste export bandwagon, sometimes with the approval of the State Department. Among them is Philadelphia, which has faced a rise in waste disposal costs from $20 to $90 a ton since 1980. The city intends to transport as much as 600,000 tons of ash residue a year from its municipal incinerator to Panama, which plans to use the material as landfill for roadbeds. The deal will cost Philadelphia taxpayers only $37.25 a ton. The city has also been trying to find a Third World destination for its municipal sewage sludge, which has historically had a high metals content and has been the subject of a lawsuit against the city by the E.P.A. and environmentalists for violating Federal standards.

Honduras, the first country approached by Philadelphia, rejected the sludge proposal. The next candidate was Guate-

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mala, which may also turn down the waste despite the initial enthusiasm of President Vinicio Cerezo, who saw the deal as a valuable source of foreign exchange, and the approval of the State Department. "We have reviewed the proposal and have no objections," said a memorandum from the U.S. Embassy in Guatemala City to Washington. "One can imagine that shipping sewage sludge . . . will incite some unfavorable press in Guatemala. With this caveat, we have no problem."

Philadelphia's export plans may not go through, but Applied Recovery Technologies, the company planning to ship the wastes, has since approached other cities. U.S. sludge may also end up in the tiny British Caribbean colony of the Turks and Caicos Islands, which proposes to use it as fertilizer. In a letter to Henry Valentino, president of Applied Recovery Technologies, State Department coordinator for Caribbean affairs John Upston wrote, "This project represents a breakthrough in a . . . way to deal with a growing problem for our cities. At the same time it helps in a major way the economy of a small friendly country in the Caribbean."

A differing view was expressed by an official of an overseas environmental organization, who asked not to be named for fear that the A.I.D. would cut off his funding. "I am concerned that if U.S. people think of us as their backyard, they can also think of us as their outhouse. Disposal of wastes on land can have very serious consequences. Toxic materials can be taken up in root systems which can grow in sludge used on land. These materials could end up in fruits and vegetables or in animals."

Nevertheless, in addition to Philadelphia, Boston, Hartford, Los Angeles and Washington have also reportedly been looking into exporting their municipal sludge to the Caribbean and more deals are expected soon.

"The Caribbean is a big target area," says Dr. Noel Brown of the United Nations Environmental Programme in New York. "It's cheaper to barge it down there than to move it overland forty miles. We don't have an international policy on wastes. We need one now."

The key U.S. government officials responsible for monitoring the burgeoning hazardous waste traffic claim they are powerless to stop even a dangerous export if the host country agrees to accept the shipment. "Under the Federal system, we only have control over what's in the country," says Wendy Grieder, an official in the E.P.A.'s Office of International Activities. "Once it leaves, we can't do anything about it. And their destinations don't often regulate as tightly [as does the United States], even Canada. Once it gets there, we don't know what happens to it. That's why we had so many exports."

In addition to the E.P.A., the Commerce Department monitors some hazardous waste exports. Under the 1977 Export Administration Act, the department issues permits for exports of strategic metals that are contained in ash and other factory residues. In the process the department gathers information about the overseas movement of these residues. Since 1980, thirty-five of the seventy-five approved destinations for these exports have been underdeveloped nations, including the Philippines, Mexico, and many in Central America and the Middle East. But the Commerce Department does not monitor what happens to the mountains of waste materials, which may contain lead, mercury and other dangerous substances, after the tiny fractions of usable metals have been extracted. This is partly because the intent of the 1977 law was to restrict the export of strategic goods, not to assess the health and environmental hazards involved. "After [the waste material] gets there, the country can do whatever it wants with it," said a department official who requested anonymity to avoid being fired. "I assume it gets tossed out."

Of course, simply "tossing out" hazardous wastes can cause severe public-health problems. In the Dominican Republic, says one expert, wastes containing antibiotics and fish oil were imported for use as cattle feed and fertilizer from a U.S.-based Abbott Laboratories' facility in Puerto Rico, where pharmaceutical dumps are full. In 1985, one animal died from the mixture. According to Dr. Antonio Thomen, director of the Dominican Institute for Bioconservation, ingestion by humans can cause hormonal disorders, birth defects and severe intestinal illnesses, particularly among children. The Dominican Congress has now passed a law prohibiting the import of pharmaceutical wastes as a human-health hazard.

E.P.A. files also contain records of other shipments that the agency barred from export after the importing countries refused to accept them. In 1985 the Costa Rican government denied entry to a shipment of 205 cylinders of poisonous, corrosive gases after asking E.P.A. officials for information about the materials involved. Eco-Therm, a California transport company hired by T.R.W. Inc. of Redondo Beach, California, to make the shipment then sued several E.P.A. officials for obstructing trade, but the case was dismissed early last year in Federal court in Washington for lack of evidence.

In another incident, when the Bergsoe Metal Corporation

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of St. Helens, Oregon, tried to send 700 metric tons of crushed battery plates containing lead to the Kwang Shin Industrial Company of South Korea, the Korean government told the State Department in a telegram that it was opposed to the import of "such harmful waste." The E.P.A. rescinded its export approval. Bergsoe then attempted to get permission to ship the waste to three successive companies in Taiwan, but that government also intervened and the E.P.A. could not approve the deal.

In addition to individual shipments of waste products, at least two American companies have proposed multimillion-dollar deals to build incinerators in the South Pacific to process U.S. wastes. L.P.T., a company with offices in American Samoa and California, is seeking approval to build an incinerator in American Samoa to burn U.S. wastes and export the ash to the Philippines, where it would be used as landfill. The Samoan government has not given its approval according to the E.P.A., and the Philippine government asserts that it has a policy of not accepting hazardous wastes from anyone. However, in April, according to local newspaper reports, a woman named Elvira Medua Patel, who said she was a special envoy of President Corazon Aquino, showed up in American Samoa, saying Aquino wanted the waste shipments to go to the Philippines and was even willing to have the incinerator built there, if American Samoa turned down L.P.T.'s proposal. The Philippine government denies that it offered any such deal.

Also, a company named Western Pacific Waste Repositories, based in Carson City, Nevada, is proposing to build a hazardous waste storage and treatment plant on Erikub atoll, an uninhabited area of the Marshall Islands. Company president Dennis Capalia proposes to use the atoll to store wastes for the next 100 years. In return, it will make cash payments and promote the development of nearby Wotje atoll, whose residents now use Erikub to make copra and hunt for marine life.

In the United States, the pressure to ship wastes overseas is growing. Representative James Florio, who conducted hearings on such exports in 1983, says, "Like water running downhill, hazardous wastes invariably will be disposed of along the path of least resistance and least expense. Conditions are ripe for finding 'safe havens' for hazardous wastes around the globe."

Many experts see the trend as part of an old American habit of putting undesirable elements out of sight and out of mind. "To push things out beyond its borders, that is a traditional American philosophy," notes Nikolai Zaitsev of the United Nations' Center on Transnational Corporations.

Despite the growing problem, the Reagan Administration has shown little concern. Grieder of the E.P.A. defends the agency's "hands off" policy on exports to the underdeveloped parts of the world. "At E.P.A., we're not in a position to say, 'That's a bad deal,' or 'They don't know what they're doing.' If the receiving country says yes, there's nothing we can do about the shipments. Although morally it's probably a good idea, as an agency we can't do it. What if we did stop a shipment? What if the government makes a mistake and the company and the shipment are legitimate?"

But some officials worry about the possibility of a chemical waste disaster occurring as a result of the U.S. waste export boom. "If I were the U.S. Secretary of State," said Senator George Mitchell in 1984, "I would want to be sure that no American ally or trading partner is saddled with U.S. wastes it does not want or does not have the capacity to handle in an environmentally sound manner."

There is even the possibility that exported wastes may return to haunt the United States in a more direct way. Certainly the danger is apparent to Grieder. "It hasn't happened yet, but it could happen," she says. "It's possible that we could send sludge to the Caribbean and they might use it on, say, spinach or other vegetables. We would get it back here, and the F.D.A. would say, 'Hey, wait, you've got too much cadmium in those vegetables.'" Since the Food and Drug Administration checks only a small portion of foods and vegetables that come into the United States, exported hazardous wastes could easily end up on our dinner table.

Meanwhile, overseas pressure to prevent the wholesale dumping of U.S. wastes is building despite U.S. government encouragement and the large sums debt-ridden Third World states can make from such deals. "Governments could fall because of this," says the United Nations' Brown. "It would be worse than sending guns, because it affects everyone." □

JUSTICE BORK?

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Dangerous Amusements

THOMAS FLANAGAN

THE COLOR OF BLOOD. *By Brian Moore. E.P. Dutton. 182 pp. $16.95.*

A sequence in a recent Canadian Broadcasting Corporation documentary on Brian Moore shows him sitting in the back seat of a car which is moving through a slum section of his native Belfast. Someone—perhaps a British soldier, perhaps a child with a toy rifle—points a gun at them, and his wife asks why. "Don't ask me," Moore says in a middle-class Belfast accent which decades of absence have not altered, "I'm not an expert on these troubles."

The moment seems to reinforce the opening words of the film's narrative. Moore is jogging along the beach at Malibu, where he has lived for some years, and the narrator begins: "He was born in Belfast and left. Now he says that he is at home everywhere and nowhere. But the one place where he is truly at home is at his typewriter." And the film, faithful to the platitudes of its genre, shows us, at that instant, Moore's hands poised above his machine.

It is something more than a platitude, though. For a long time, writers as diverse as Graham Greene and Christopher Ricks have been describing Moore (rightly, in my opinion) as one of the finest living novelists. But the terms of their praise hold a puzzlement, however muted, as to just how he is to be placed in either a literary or a spiritual or even, as we shall see, a geographical sense. "He is my favorite living novelist," Greene writes. "Each new book of his is unpredictable, dangerous, and amusing. He treats the novel as the tamer treats a wild beast." And Ion Trewin, in *The Times* of London: "He is one of the best novelists writing, never travelling the same ground twice."

On the face of it, these are terms of unqualified praise: All novelists hope to travel new ground with each book, and most of them secretly nourish a wish to be seen as a tamer of dangerous beasts of the imagination. But there is also an implication of something more disquieting: the absence of a figure in Moore's carpet, to use the threadbare Jamesian image. And this literary possibility finds, for some, an explanation in the objective facts of his career, a kind of homelessness, a kind of being at home with homelessness.

His first novel, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* (1955), is a fierce, almost a heartbreaking portrayal of a lonely woman in one of the loneliest cities in the world: Belfast before the new troubles, as physically grim as Victorian Manchester, bullied by sects and churches, stale politics and staler pieties, enlivened only by the tiny venoms of bigotry and snobbishness, by alert distrusts of others and of the self. As it happens, religion may seem to have an even more central role in his latest novel, *The Color of Blood*, thereby supplying fresh evidence to those who mistakenly call him a "Catholic novelist" and to those who mistakenly call him an "anti-Catholic" one. Its subject, however, is not religious faith, but rather the politics of religion, relationships between religion and power, religion and the spirit.

In an unnamed country that is clearly Poland, a cardinal named Stephen Bem has dexterously—perhaps too dexterously—been playing off against one another the demands of an irreligious police state and the fierce and violent demands of a right wing within the structure of the church's hierarchy and clergy. There is an attempt by, it would seem, fanatics on the right, to assassinate him. And he is placed under protective custody, evidently by the state security forces. But nothing is quite what it appears on the surface—including Bem himself, son of a servant in the old prewar regime and proud of his cardinal's robes, which are the color of blood.

Small wonder that Graham Greene likes Moore, the reader may be inclined to say, for here is a plot which places us squarely in Greene-land. But this is so only in atmospherics, and in the deliberate, almost playful manipulation of what have become the conventions of that sort of spiritual thriller. In fact, Moore's real subject, in this as in many other of his novels, is the fragility of the self.

Moore's 1968 novel, *I Am Mary Dunne*, states its subject in its title. *Memento ergo sum*, the narrator says to herself, half-hysterically and half in defiance, revising the slogan from Descartes written by a nun on the blackboard of a long-vanished classroom. "I remember who I am," she says in the closing lines, "and I say it over and over and over, I am Mary Dunne, I am Mary Dunne, I am Mary Dunne."

"You lose your past," Moore says in the documentary, in deliberately quiet, throwaway tones. "That seems to be one of my themes." But the film will show us Moore talking with his sisters, his brother, show us a photograph of the surgeon father, silk-hatted, monocled, overwhelming. The film will tell us that we may lose the forms of the past but not its power over our imaginations.

At times, Moore's theme finds expression as an exploration of the artistic imagination itself, which he sees as the self constructing—perilously and mysteriously—artifacts which are lovely, necessary and absurd. In *The Great Victorian Collection* (1975), for example, a young Canadian professor who has been attending a conference in Berkeley, checks into a Carmel hotel and wakes up to discover outside his window, where there had been a large, empty parking lot, an elaborate and intricately detailed collection of Victoriana housed in stalls, showrooms, model (and scandalous) boudoirs, and given focus by "the selfsame crystal fountain which I recognized now as the work of F. & C. Osler, a marvel of casting, cutting and polishing of faultless blocks of glass, erected originally in the transept as the centerpiece of the Great Exhibition of 1851."

The Collection is really there. Other people try to exploit it, to turn it into a Disneyland. Rival scholars (read literary critics?) explore its recesses and argue as to whether or not it could be an amassing of incredibly exact forgeries of the originals, which may or may not be missing from such places as the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. There are dangers, of course. The collection of Victorian oil paintings could fade under the metal sun of California and their claim to authenticity be by that much diminished.

The Great Victorian Collection is a stunning parable of the imagination, told with subtlety, charm and great wit. Moore's subjects are at times so bleak and frightening that readers may forget that he can be a very funny writer. But certainly there was nothing funny, al-

Thomas Flanagan is the author of The Year of the French. *His new novel,* The Tenants of Time, *will be published in February by E.P. Dutton.*

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though much that was deliberately grotesque, in his last novel, ***Black Robe*** (1985), the story of a seventeenth-century French Jesuit moving deeper and deeper into the Canadian wilderness, as two cultures, European and Indian, come closer to their mutually incomprehensible centers. It can be read, chillingly, as an exploration of what existence the self has when the certitudes of its civilization have been stripped away.

The customary unsettled, even uncertain view of Moore is reinforced, perhaps created in part, by the outlines of his biography. Born and raised in Belfast, in an upper-middle-class, conventionally pious and conventionally nationalist, Catholic family, he escaped by accepting overseas service with the British Ministry of War Transport, seeing duty in North Africa, Italy and France. In 1948 he emigrated to Canada and lived there for ten years, working as a journalist. He still holds a Canadian passport. He lived at various times on Long Island and in Manhattan, before moving to California to work briefly for Hitchcock and settling, finally, at Malibu.

Like his work, Moore is difficult to pigeonhole. There are (so far as I know) two book-length studies of him. One is in the dreadful Irish Writers Series issued by Bucknell in the 1970s, and the other was written by a Canadian professor for the equally jejune Twayne series, subsection Canada. In each case there is an implicit, if gingerly formulated, effort to stake a claim upon Moore—as an Irish writer, as a Canadian writer. Who in the world, save a writer for whom the self is problematical, would voluntarily travel with a Canadian passport? Canada, that lumbering giant in search of a self, rolling anxious eyes toward the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Arctic, Chicago, London, Paris—and Malibu! Its very syllables carry the sounds of an enormous marine emptiness breaking against expanses of sand, traffic on a ribbon of freeway.

Louis MacNeice, like Moore a Belfast-born writer in self-imposed exile, once bade goodbye to Ireland in the closing lines of a poem which, taken from their context, do not disclose their ironies and reservations. Ireland, MacNeice says,

> . . . gives her children neither
> sense nor money
> Who slouch around the world with a
> gesture and a brogue
> And a faggot of useless
> memories.

Like MacNeice, Moore has traveled the world without a slouch, and his accent could never be described as a "brogue." He has never avoided Belfast as a setting, but neither has he planted the flag of his imagination upon it. All of Moore's novels center upon a single character—the wife of a Belfast doctor, a woman nervous and restless in Manhattan, a seventeenth-century Jesuit, a Polish cardinal, the obscure husband of a famous actress, a Belfast-born scriptwriter in Hollywood, a Canadian academic, the abbot of a monastery. His ability to move inside their skins—the women as well as the men—is little short of dazzling. He is pure novelist, at home, as the film has told us, only at his typewriter.

But the film has one quite startling moment as the car drives through Belfast. It is a city of graffiti, either alphabetical ("I.R.A. Rule O.K.") or in advocacy of an improbable mode of ecumenism ("Fuck the Pope"). We see some of this as the car moves along. But then it turns into Camden Street, where Moore, thirty years before, had situated the boarding house of his fictional Judith Hearne. And on the gray gable end of the corner house, someone has painted, in large black letters, the words "JUDITH HEARNE IS ALIVE AND WELL." Who painted it? The Creator of the Great Victorian Collection, perhaps. It is a Brian Moore moment. □

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ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Henri Cartier-Bresson

There are musical compositions, written, usually, for piano or violin, so difficult of execution that part of what they are about is the extreme dexterity required to perform them. There are others of such oceanic depth that part of what they refer to must be the answering profundity of the artist capable of making it palpable through stirring performance, almost as if the performance were part of the evoked meaning. It is rare that both orders of gift are called upon in any single piece of music, and quite possibly they are antithetical: the set piece for virtuosi celebrates a power so beyond the common measure that its meaning must be correspondingly narrow, whereas a deep work, one feels, must answer to the most universal truths of human existence. The second kind of musical performance closes the gap between artist and audience, as if the artist but gives voice to the feelings that unite them. The first sort, by contrast, flaunts that gap: the virtuoso is viewed with amazement, like a great athlete or startling beauty, across a vast and hopeless divide. And this, too, may explain why the co-presence of these different powers is hardly to be expected in a single work.

Virtuosity may be found side by side with depth in some of the other arts, though the former sometimes drives the latter out. Thus spectacular displays of foreshortening or perspective can be obstacles to artistic profundity. And though there are artists capable of bravura and depth at once, like Rembrandt or Velázquez, it is unclear to what degree the two are interconnected even in admittedly great works. Most of what scholars dispute in *Las Meninas* would remain were we to subtract the acutely confident brushwork through which a piece of lace or a spaniel's ear are summoned out of flourishes and parries of pigment. Sargent was not a deep artist, though his brush was as athletic as any in the history of painting. And Picasso was a deep artist whose inventiveness made at least that order of gesture irrelevant. The mystery of Henri Cartier-Bresson's art as a photographer is not just that his images are dazzling and deep at once but that these polarities co-

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incide in so remarkable a way that one feels they must be internally connected, that he could not be so powerful if he were not also brilliant. So, while his subject must in part be the singular authority of the photographic act, the other part of his subject—that to which we respond in the fullness of our humanity—must somehow connect with this, as if meaning and attack were made for one another.

As a young, fiercely romantic adventurer, Cartier-Bresson passed a year in Africa as a night hunter, using an acetylene lamp to immobilize his prey while he took his killing aim; and the hunter's exact reflexes, the perfect instantaneity of eye, mind and finger for which the high-speed rifle or the high-speed camera are metaphors, carry over in his work as a photographer. Each of his famous pictures refers internally to the act of shooting it, and each, for all its laconic title (*Madrid, 1933*; *Marseilles, 1932*; *Mexico, 1934*), is eloquent with the implied narrative of the successful kill. Each encapsulates the speed, the deadly accuracy, the total self-assurance and the patience, endurance and will of the huntsman as artist. I owe to Peter Galassi, curator of Cartier-Bresson: The Early Years (at the Museum of Modern Art in New York until November 29) and author of the illuminating catalogue that accompanies the show, the insight that the hand-held camera with the high-speed shutter transformed the condition and thence the content of photography (much, I suppose, as the invention of the escapement action transformed performance on the pianoforte and redefined the conditions of composition for that instrument). The old photographers, with their unwieldy equipment, their need for sustained illumination and a total immobility in their motifs, addressed a world of willed stasis, which the best of them—Atget, say—transformed into a kind of frozen poetry, cleaned of time and change. World and artist stood still for one another, the double immobility vesting the plate with an uncanny, platonic stillness. The hand-held camera liberated both parties to this transaction, allowing the world to be itself. Where the older photographers addressed immovable grandiosities—mountains, palaces, enthroned monarchs—the swift, unburdened sharpshooter of the modern instrument could take on the ephemeral, the transitory, the weightless.

The unmistakable evidence of an advance in the technological side of an art—the unmistakable evidence that technology counts for something in that art—is that, initially, it becomes the subject of the art it revolutionizes. The discovery of perspective meant that its first users were enthusiasts who made each painting an occasion for demonstrating command over the new technology of distal recession, and they chose subjects that best enabled the demonstration to be made. The subject of the first moving pictures was movement itself: rushing streams, speeding trains, the stirring of boughs in the Bois de Boulogne. I sometimes wonder if the exhibition of gore in film today really testifies to an appetite for gruesomeness on the part of an audience, and not instead to the display of craft in the special-effects department, which, like the enthusiasm for distance as distance, movement as movement, will sooner or later cloy. In any case, the fast-action camera initially addressed fast action as such, the image calling attention to the virtues of the new technologies. A certain number of Cartier-Bresson's first works are simply about the arresting of a motion that could not be held, as in the famous shot of a man leaping a puddle behind the Gare St. Lazare. (I could not help smiling at the two torn posters in the background, advertising a concert by the piano virtuoso Alexander Brailowsky, playing Chopin, exactly the composer to enable his brilliance to come forward.) Had Cartier-Bresson remained obsessed with such tours de force, he would have gone down in history as a master of speed and light, but not the deep artist to whom we respond today. For this he needed a content that transcended and yet incorporated the sensitivity of the instrument. And what we have are not just so many examples of arrested motion but examples rather of transcribed revelations, as if the world itself opened, like a shutter, affording a fleeting glimpse, a flash, of otherwise hidden meanings.

It is in fact as though beneath the visual appearances of the familiar world there were another system of reality altogether, covert and disguised, but which stands to the surface world as the unconscious stands to conscious mental processes. Certain juxtapositions, certain startling associations of ordinary thing with ordinary thing, open up the deeper reality to the observation of an instant, after which the fissures close and we are restored to the commonplace.

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Cartier-Bresson, who after all had ingested the theory of a double layer of meaning and reality from the Surrealists, who in turn derived their theory and program from the thought of Freud, functioned, as a photographer, on two interpenetrating levels of appearance. Freud famously saw in dreams, jokes and free association the aperture into the primary processes of the unconscious system, which the Surrealists of course treated as the creative substratum of the mind. Cartier-Bresson's work is filled with the power and menace of such associations and puns.

Consider one of his masterpieces, *Madrid, 1933,* which shows a group of men beneath the wall of a mysterious building. The wall is punctuated by windows of various sizes, small in proportion to the wall itself, and seemingly distributed randomly across its surface; it is impossible to infer the internal architecture of the building from the evidence of these openings. Indeed, the wall looks like a rampart of some sort, its original purpose subverted by squatters on the other side who punched holes here and there, opening it to the flat expanse that is the foreground of the picture. The array of square windows conveys the sense of meaning, much in the way in which, though the analogy is forced and anachronistic, the holes in a punch card imply that with the right device the card could yield a piece of information. Or the squares dance across the surface as if in a ready-made counterpart to "Broadway Boogie-Woogie." Or the tiny squares look like the square notes in Gregorian notation, as if someone had composed a chant in the medium of windows. I have often wondered what the building was and whether it still stands, and though only an eye driven by certain beliefs and attitudes could have been sensitive to its overtones, it could have been the motif of a still photograph made by a heavy camera, requiring a tripod. But at the bottom of the picture is the crowd of men and boys—I count fourteen—whose bodies are sheered off, in many cases, by the bottom edge of the picture so that we are conscious, mainly, of the rhythm of their heads, which echoes the rhythm of the windows, like the accompaniment, in another clef, of treble harmonies. Or it is like two voices in an intricate fugue of heads and windows. Or it is as if heads and windows were different forms of the same thing, or metaphors for one another—and in at least two cases one has to look carefully to see whether a certain dark shape is head or window. Yet this is not some formal exercise; the heads and windows are too insistently in resonance with one another for us not to seek a meaning our rational self denies can be there. The image is clotted with magical possibilities, and it seems to force an opening into the mind of the artist if not the mind of the world—one can barely tear oneself away from the riddles it poses. The entire exhibition is a set of traps for the interpretive resources of the eye, but *Madrid, 1933* has the power of a great musical questioning.

André Breton, the relentless theoretician and dogmatist of Surrealism, once said that "Automatic writing is a true photography of thought." By that, I believe he meant that the absurd illogic of automatic writing replicates a corresponding rhythm of thought, recording the creative pulses of the subrational mind. If the real—or better, the surreal—world has the same dislogic the Surrealists attributed to the mind, then a true photography of it would record the magic to which rationality is blind. There can be no doubt that the Surrealists characteristically used photography to insinuate this, using the premises of optical exactitude to demonstrate the fantastic exterior of the after-all-not-so-ordinary world. But often they achieved this by flagrant manipulations and montages, or by using as motifs things they found rich with their own silly meanings. Cartier-Bresson's photographs do not, characteristically, look surrealistic, in part, I think, because he sought the surreal in natural conjunctions that have to be seen as connoting the kinds of things the Surrealists instead built into their own vocabularies. The consequence is that he managed to break through the crusts of habitual perception with images so astonishingly fresh that one's response to them, however familiar they have become, is composed in part of a sense of one's own visual pedestrianism. We feel that between our eyes and the world out there, cataracts of habit have formed, and our own vision is dirty, clouded, oblique. So the surrealism is invisible. What we have instead is the sense of restoration to our true powers and the objective wonder of a world we have taken too much for granted. The photographs of Cartier-Bresson come to us in the form of marvelous gifts; one feels cleansed and empowered by them, and enlarged. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Happy Days
Philistines
No Exit

Robert Brustein has brought out a new collection of "dramatic opinions" entitled *Who Needs Theatre* (Atlantic Monthly Press). Without a question mark, the title may convey mere disgruntlement, and that is often the tone of Brustein's reviews, especially when he dons surgical mask and gloves to deal with commercial theater, as against the serious theater he has championed both as critic and dramatic academician (he spent thirteen years as dean of the Yale Drama School and founded the Yale Repertory Theatre). "Serious" in the sense of avant-garde across the spectrum from early- to postmodern; "serious" also in the sense of not for profit. While Brustein is often an effective champion for the plays he likes, and while I often share his taste, he does beg the question that his book's title poses, for his advocacy of the art he favors is so fervent that he no more questions whether his taste would satisfy the needs of the audience than would an apostle of macrobiotic cooking: He knows what's good for us, and if we make sour faces at the taste of his medicine, our doctor's not to blame. "I'm not suggesting," he writes, "that the theatre should be deliberately provocative, but if it's not provoking someone, then it's probably not doing its job, which is to rearrange consciousness."

How, I asked myself, am I, as the someone provoked, to have my consciousness rearranged? Not in the trivial sense that any new set of inputs will bump older inputs to other parts of the filing system. Nor, I'm sure, is Brustein referring to the tears, laughter, adrenalin and other hormonal discharges that a play may provoke, though that is the common-sense answer to Who needs theater? No, the consciousness that Brustein would have theater rearrange is the area of political and ethical opinion—theater as the most effective form of sermon. Undoubtedly the theater can be an effective pulpit, but aren't such sermon/dramas serving the needs of the proselytizer rather more than of the proselytized? (We must exclude the special case of ser-

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mons preached to the converted, since, however much we all enjoy them, they are by their nature not consciousness-rearranging.) Brustein confirms this when he writes: "The primary function of a theatre is not to please itself, or even to please its audience. It is to serve talent." His answer, then, to Who needs theater? is playwrights, directors and actors; and the role of the audience is to assist the producer in bankrolling the operation through the purchase of tickets and (since this won't keep the not-for-profit theater afloat) through various forms of tithing, e.g., tax subsidies. In return, the audience can have its consciousness rearranged.

Surely, if there is no better answer to Brustein's question than this, live theater deserves to continue down its current gentle incline to extinction. However, I think the transaction between the theater and its audience can be more equitable than the one Brustein suggests. I also think that Brustein's grasshopperish sense of moral and fiscal entitlement is symptomatic of the compromised position of a modernist establishment that deplores middle-class culture even as it regulates the flow of the feed into the trough.

So, to some particular cases of the needs that a particular play at a particular theater may, or may not, serve:

Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days*, at the 42nd Street theater named for the playwright, is one of the youngest sacred texts of modernism and a standby of not-for-profit theater. A longish honor role of actresses have won acclaim in the role of chipper, chittering Winnie, but if the critical consensus is accurate, Aideen O'Kelly has not added her name to that list. I left after Act I, certain that the play had been so ill served by both its star and its director, Shivaun O'Casey, that the perpetrators would reap as they'd sown without one more comelately pan from me. The performance had left a bad enough taste that I couldn't repress dark thoughts as to the extent of Beckett's personal responsibility in the matter. Was his vision of quotidian life as a partial, premature burial less than a sublime metaphor for the human condition and, instead, a slur on those, like Winnie, who are willfully cheerful in the face of certain death? As performed by O'Kelly, Winnie was a posturing ditz and Beckett's satirical points against her and those in her position (namely, us, immobilized like Winnie in our uncomfortable seats) had all the dramatic wallop of a marksman taking aim at a barn door and hitting it every time.

I would have held to my original intention and not spoken of *Happy Days* if in the next week I hadn't seen two plays that seemed the two premises of a syllogism to which Beckett provides the conclusion. The first of those was Maxim Gorky's *Philistines*, presented by the American Theatre Alliance at the Perry Street Theatre. This is Gorky's first play, written in 1902, and produced at the suggestion of Chekhov. In its "new American version" by H.A. Levitoff it seems as contemporary and even youthful as the latest issue of *Interview*. The story concerns the suffocation experienced by two middle-class siblings in a household designed by R.D. Laing, and the successful escape from the same domestic prison by their younger, adopted brother, Nil, who is, already in 1902, the very model of a hero of Socialist realism. He loves machinery, works two jobs and really believes in his work, proposes marriage to the family's virtuous scullery maid and, when he is finally fed up to here, roundly denounces the monstrous family patriarch. John Hutton, who plays Nil, is so handsome and energetic that he can be forgiven his perfec-

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tion. He comes to seem a comic foil to the prevailing depressive tendencies of the rest of the cast rather than a moral role-model. Indeed, the crowning irony of the play is that Nil is just such a *macher* as his opprobrious adoptive father must have been in his youth, all ambition and libido, and it is he, not his moping brother Pyotr, who will eventually fulfill the curse pronounced by the wise drunkard Teterev—that someday he'll be just like his old man.

Time can shrivel once-momentous plays so their concerns seem trivial, but it can also have the opposite effect. What may once have seemed tendentious and agitprop in Gorky and polarized his audience to the left or right of his apparent "message" has become ancient history. What is timelessly true in *Philistines* isn't its exposé of the iniquities of the petite bourgeoisie but the sorry fate of all callow youths with lower endorphin levels than their parents. *Philistines* also has an element that is specifically and deliciously Russian: the home in which this long day's journey transpires is a virtual railway terminal of activity, bustling with lodgers and neighbors, each of them eager to add his or her two kopecks' worth of wisdom. The contrast between this madding throng and the moroseness of the family seems, to my American eyes, almost as absurdist as a Christopher Durang comedy. What a loss for American drama it was when people stopped taking in lodgers!

The performances, under the direction of Aaron Levin, were vivid, felt and nuanced, and the individual members of the cast managed to seem larger than life in the same ratio one to another. Will Hare as the vagrant with the soul of a poet delivered set pieces that could have sunk a less daring actor through the floorboards. Margaret Dulaney as the suicidal Tatyana and Tony Carlin as her dropout brother needed only a change of clothes to move into the same situation in Westchester County, where they would have found nothing changed except the need to haul a large brass samovar in and out of the living room. Jack Betts and June Prud'homme as the parents of these woefully unprodigal children became just a little more awful from scene to scene, progressing from tolerable old fogeys to full monster status by the final curtain, when Ron Orbach (who should be awarded a special Obie for Best Performance as a Drunk) launches some vinous verities at them.

The need that a play like *Philistines* serves seems self-evident. It offers virtuous, hardworking people and drunken louts (like you and me and Nil and Teterev) the opportunity of vicariously trouncing the petty tyrants of our lives. It exhorts us, like a sensible cognitive therapist, not to give in to depression and mope like Pyotr and Tatyana. Essentially, it is a secular hymn to the possibility of self-improvement, and one can leave the theater humming the tune, which is not unlike Eric Burdon's old hit "We've Got to Get Out of This Place." In short, it performs all those functions of uplift and moral support that give Broadway theater a bad name. The only difference is that it caters to the needs of a slightly different social class.

The third play of this inadvertent trilogy was Sartre's *No Exit*, written in 1946 and already Holy Writ by the time I read it in 1960. The story concerns three people arriving in hell, where they must spend eternity in the same living room. They quickly arrive at a balance of impotence that prompts the hero to declaim the play's virtual curtain line: "Hell is other people." Sad to say, time has not dealt as kindly with Sartre as it has with Gorky. His dialogue would be an embarrassment on any daytime soap: "A *damned* soul: that's you, my little plaster saint!" And: "Inez, they've laid their trap damned cunningly—like a cobweb." And this from Inez: "Human feeling? That's beyond *my* range. I'm rotten to the core." The Jean Cocteau Repertory tactfully omitted the translator's name from its playbill, and I will be no less charitable to the three principal actors, though the director and stage designer, Giles Hogya, really should take some lumps for sabotaging even those elements of the play that are still viable, after discounting its language and the *True Confessions*-style psychology. The dialogue specifically calls for a generic sofa-and-armchairs living room set, by way of saying Hell is everyday life. Hogya instead has a bunch of minimalist boxes cluttering the stage by way of signaling that this is modern art. And by way of signaling that poetry is happening, he has a flute twiddling soulfully almost nonstop throughout the play. Truly, if there is a hell for Jean-Paul Sartre, it would be there on the Bowery, where the Jean Cocteau Repertory resides, where he would have to sit through eternal performances of this *No Exit*.

And yet there is in the very title of the play a kernel of inspiration that has been a central motif of modernist theater, and one that holds up the mirror of art to an audience's nature in a uniquely self-referential way. For isn't one of the basic needs that the theater satisfies the need (which we share with Ibsen's Nora and so many others) to get out of the house, to be in a public place, to participate? The irony of the theater is that we arrive there only to be trapped in another chair, and must remain in it, mute and immobilized, till the curtain falls. For the early moderns this was surely a subtext that would have played only an accidental part in their dramatic designs. By Sartre's time that subtext was, like Winnie, partially exposed, and with Beckett it became the overt, self-referential subject of *Happy Days*, which forswears and derides the possibility of an effective commonweal, a cast of characters or any life beyond the confines of the imprisoning chair. If that's theater, Brustein's got a good question: Who needs it? □

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MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Joe King Carrasco

On the front of Joe King Carrasco's latest album, his seventh in nine years, is a startling image. A ravaged body with a death's head sits astride a skeletal horse. The figure's right arm brandishes a reverse-field Jolly Roger. Its fierce mouth open, eyes literally blazing, the steed clatters across the clusters of worn skulls and pieces of bone that lie beneath a dour, dark sky. The cover is a reproduction of an engraving of Emiliano Zapata, and it is the first indication that Carrasco's ***Bandido Rock*** will have something to say about how the U.S. conducts its business south of the border.

Carrasco is a musician almost perpetually at home on the road, even in Central America, where few rockers tour. He carries with him what he calls his portable "research library"—clippings from ***The New York Times***'s coverage of Latin America, bits from ***The Village Voice*** and ***The Nation***, a few copies of ***Barricada Internacional***, the bilingual Nicaraguan newspaper, as well as Latin American novels in translation and some standard Sandinista texts. And tapes, of course. In his case they're everything from punk classics to accordion-driven Colombian *vallenatos*.

Carrasco's quirky and infectious blend of Tex-Mex-inflected garage rock takes the music of 1960s bands like ? and the Mysterians (Carrasco's guitarist, former Mysterian Bobby Balderrama, co-wrote "96 Tears," which thrills Joe as much as it does his audience) and infuses it with the political awareness and social irony that punk and New Wave brought back to rock. But Carrasco and his band, Las Coronas, are no cooled-out M.T.V. images, like some groups who have gone similar routes; they are still rock and roll animals. When they hit a stage they hit it hard. Big snare pops burst from Dick Ross's customized trap set (lots of small cymbals for that ringing Southwest sound), axman Balderrama slurs his opening screeches and Carrasco careens about with his unique brand of manic offhandedness. His fans shout out the names of their favorite songs, ones with pointed titles like "Who Buys the Guns (That Kill the Nuns)" as

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well as more conventional numbers like "Buena" or "Let's Go," and Joe good-naturedly turns aside their suggestions to tear into what's next on the list. Bilingual and irreverent political commentary punctuates the set.

Not of Latin American descent himself, Carrasco (né Teutsch) has eagerly absorbed south Texas musical traditions. The Germans who settled in the Southwest brought the polka beat that runs through so many of the region's sounds. There it blended with Mexican traditions like the mariachi bands to produce the two-step, among other hybrids. This underlying mestizo feel, constantly adapted, infiltrated swing music via the territory bands of the region, resounded in the Western swing bands of people like Bob Wills, then resurfaced in the budding garage band idioms of Ritchie Valens and Buddy Holly. During the 1960s, Texas-based rockers like ? and Doug Sahm and California types like Cannibal and the Headhunters and Sam the Sham kept the flame, and more recently, bands like Los Lobos and the Cruzados have picked up the torch. You get the picture: This is a long-running current in pop's wide and voracious river; suddenly, because of the massive success of *La Bamba*, it's been rendered visible again.

It would be nice if Carrasco were to suffer the same fate, but he doesn't seem to want to. Over the years, his mongrelized music has flowed in one direction: from the friendly party-animal brawls of his early days, to the still good-humored, by turns fierce and ironic, political commitment of his recent efforts. Unlike Los Lobos, who paint devastating portraits of the underclass but seek a spiritual resolution to the dilemmas of economic and cultural imperialism, Carrasco looks for an earthly revolution. With his last two albums, he seems to have found one, in Nicaragua. In a way, he's an updated Woody Guthrie, peeling off song after song that takes a hard look at official pieties.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Bandido Rock (Rounder)
Bordertown (New Rose/Big Beat)
Party Weekend (MCA)
Synapse Gap (Mundo Total) (MCA)
Party Safari (Hannibal)
Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns (Hannibal)
Joe "King" Carrasco and El Molino (Lisa)

But Carrasco is no folk classicist. His medium is the raunchiest of bar-based rock and roll. You can think about the lyrics, all right, but you'll have to ponder while the urgent beat, the snarling guitars and the wheezy organ and accordion blast you and your Dos Equis into partyland. Like all the best descendants of the Rolling Stones' "Street Fighting Man," Carrasco's political rock puts the message across with compelling dance-floor rhythms that are far from cerebral.

Take *Bandido Rock* as an example. Picking up the political direction he adopted with *Bordertown*, the LP bristles with self-explanatory titles like the darkly minor-key "Hey Gringo 'No Pasarán'" and the closing track, "Fuera Yanqui," as well as the ironic singsong called "Banana," which rolls out a list of banana loving populations from around the world. Time-honored anthemic three-chord motifs and bent riffs propel "Juarez and Zapata," which as the leadoff cut is meant to put the material on Nicaragua in the rest of the album into histori-

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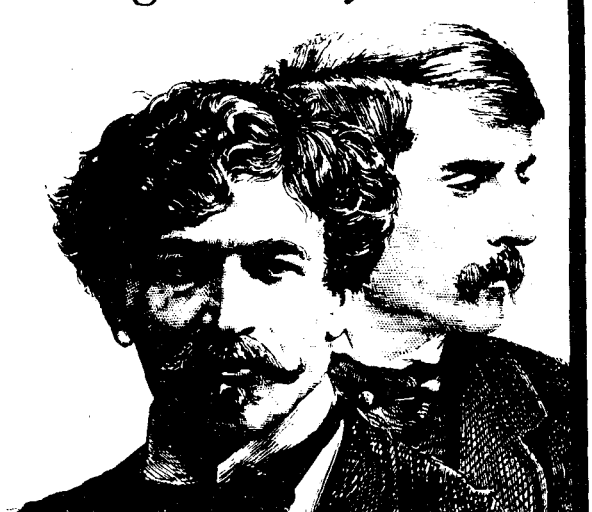

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by
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cal perspective. The title track—the bandidos are the C.I.A. and State Department—boasts swirling accordion and stinging guitar lines to underscore its warnings, while "Arriba Sandino" combines Tex-Mex and garageband elements in a festive stomp that recalls the early Sir Douglas Quintet. It's a provocative mix. □

FILMS.

ARMOND WHITE

Margaret Mead Film Festival

The sixteen thematic categories of the Margaret Mead Film Festival (at the American Museum of Natural History, September 14-17) suggest the general parameters of the anthropological documentary: Myth, Search for Self, Male and Female, Culture Conflict, Life and Death, Faith, Families and Cultural Identity, among others. Filmmakers from around the world assay these themes objectively, sentimentally or cynically, hoping to find the truth. This year—the festival's eleventh—the traps and fortuities of interpretation were clearest in three films that stuck close to home: Arlene Bowman's *Navajo Talking Picture*, Lynne Littman's *In Her Own Time* and James Ault and Michael Camerini's *Born Again*.

Navajo Talking Picture remains an "unfinished" film. Arlene Bowman, the U.C.L.A. film student who conceived and directed it, never achieves the accord with her Arizona Navajo heritage that she seeks. Her grandmother, who doesn't want to be filmed, refuses to speak on camera, although she later accepts payment for the intrusion. The old woman's odd, cold recalcitrance wrecks Bowman's idea for a cozy filmic embrace of her heritage, and signals an unbridgeable gulf between the generations. In the end, Bowman—so "valley girl" she makes your head hurt—confesses, "Understanding is what I want between my grandmother and myself, and myself and the Navajo."

Bowman's film is a loose thread in the fabric of contemporary ethnic history. As such, it belongs among the more accomplished documentaries in the festival. The usual anthropologist's fervor to pursue a lucid documentation of people, habitat or event is here replaced by naïve bad faith. Bowman hires a translator for her grandmother and instructs him: "Tell her the purpose of my movie is to show a lifestyle, not to exploit. Do you know what 'exploit' means?" Alienation could not be more sharply and honestly demonstrated.

The film crew Bowman uses—representing an extension of her eyes, ears, even her legs as the camera chases the grandmother through her dilapidated, two-room desert house—cannot broach an understanding the filmmaker doesn't herself feel. Bowman is like an ineffectual dreamer, helpless to grasp the things she witnesses. She has technique without sensibility, but at least she's forthright. Eighteen months after her first shoot, Bowman decided to put herself on screen: "I was confused by my film's dilemma. I needed answers." She experiments on herself like a comic-book mad scientist, which in film terms means painful self-revelation. Bowman comes across as a highly urbanized Navajo Annie Hall, ending most of her sentences with an indefinite "you know?" or "maybe." Her appearance is in self-conscious contrast to the taciturn grandmother's. "I admire her because she has kept traditional values [without] being influenced by the white man's world," the granddaughter-director comments.

Bowman probably won't leave Los Angeles for a traditional Navajo life, but in the end she forces a rapprochement with Navajo culture through the persistent strain of her filmmaking effort. Her personal risk shows admirable instinct: She admits, finally, that any perceptual problem is in herself, not the medium's insufficiency or her grandmother's disaffection. Bowman's distance from Navajo tradition is curiously expressed by the very technological means with which she approaches it. The grandmother offers no more than a one-quarter profile to the camera because she was told as a child not to let her picture be taken. Bowman rationalizes that, to her grandmother, filmmaking "was too much of an abstract idea. It's a traditional taboo but filmmaking made me understand her." Bowman arrives at her moment of insight when she triumphs over her own sophistication and realizes that the study of others means better knowledge of oneself.

The late Barbara Myerhoff, featured in Lynne Littman's *In Her Own Time*, faced in her own life a dilemma central to her work as a cultural anthropologist. Myerhoff (the narrator of Littman's previous documentary, *Number Our Days*, about Holocaust survivors) repaired to Orthodox Jewish teaching in the Fairfax section of Los Angeles after learning that she had cancer. Among the area's 15,000 Soviet Jewish immigrants, Myerhoff acted out a final passion of reclamation and doubt. Educated away from an ethnic identity ("I spent my childhood trying to get rid of curls because it was Jewish hair. Now, after the chemotherapy, it's straight") Myerhoff comes back to it for solace. Littman emphasizes the pathos of this desperate search only twice: in a cheap, slow-motion shot at the end of the film, and in a scene where the filmmaker appears leaning on Myerhoff's shoulder, listening to Russian folk music. Myerhoff maintains an intelligent skepticism throughout, and the film works because of her bracing, insistent lack of sentimentality. An amazing interview shows Myerhoff, teary-eyed, asserting her difference from the Hasidim: "I look at these women across a vast and acceptable distance." While she is deeply drawn to them, she also abhors their conformism: "Part of me is profoundly rebellious. I can't abide restrictions."

In Her Own Time has a eulogist's solemnity, but it also preserves Myerhoff's anthropological respect for ritual. Illness didn't weaken her curiosity so much as it intensified the arguments of her intellectual life: heart against mind, faith against rationality. Littman interprets the acts of Myerhoff's last days—during which she practices the mikvah purification ritual, observes a religious custom that gives a woman back her soul after divorce, and gets a new, sanctified name—as an enthusiasm for believing and for synthesis. Myerhoff says the Hasidim "have presented me with an organic life that was all of a piece. They have the fundamental human heritage most of us have lost. They have what everyone is looking for in religion: community and spirituality."

Armond White, who lives in New York City, writes on film and the arts.

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Myerhoff's cultural submission gives Littman a poignant example of the atavistic undercurrents in many social structures. It's the same theme that galvanizes Bowman's troubled project, exposing her confusion. Littman's view—that the most rigorous mind can be seduced by the concept of luck—romantically simplifies this very modern dilemma. But she's in the realm of a crucial anthropological study, even if not her own, and what she loses through slickness is gained through Myerhoff's profundity.

Born Again, directed by James Ault and Michael Camerini, studies a cross-section of the congregation of a Massachusetts fundamentalist Baptist church. "Twenty-five million Americans are fundamentalists, sharing a conservative ideology," says the narrator in a tone that is simultaneously impersonal and proselytizing. The voice-over is both a joke and a warning: Ault and Camerini would probably savage these Bible thumpers as madmen and aliens to liberalism if only they weren't so embarrassingly, recognizably *American*.

This directing team has sharp antennae and a vivid, yet discreet, camera technique. Their candid shots at a church meeting or an at-home prayer circle are framed and edited for emotional impact: We are given proto-political sermons on husband-and-wife roles; a Bible class endorsement of the concept of slavery; and, in several raw moments, a parishioner's broken marriage.

Bowman's distance from custom and Littman's fascination with human faith are combined here in an inspired adaptation of form to subject. The three devout couples on view have spectacularly orderly lives. There's an ecstatic purity in the solid colors of their lawns, roofs, carpets and polyester suits. Ault and Camerini evince visual wit, not simply a commitment to the facts of their research. Tracing each couple from their sinful-to-saved days through graduation and wedding photos gives their lives a surreal formality.

Yet Ault and Camerini's work is deeper than the exposé of a crackpot movement it started out to be, and reveals a meaning in its subject that outfoxes the filmmakers' preconceptions. In the episodes of good and bad marriages, strained friendships and wrenching brotherhood, they survey the nexus of religious custom and social order as a mortal test and burden. They do justice to this congregation's struggle to lead contented lives. "God put us in the world to get rid of the unrighteousness," the minister preaches. The fairest secular interpretation of a religious life is to understand its sacrifice, temptation and struggle. The most affecting example Ault and Camerini find is Ted, an unmarried, middle-aged churchgoer who tarries at the altar whenever he isn't frantic or miserable or (possibly) drinking. He's a strapping, oaken man, smiling as uneasily as he sobs, still clutching the good book, and his haunting presence informs the whole film.

Each of these films about the ethnic or religious bases of community involves a rerouted, improvised voyage of discovery. The documentary form, rigorously practiced, must have a flexible, palimpsest quality; the most interesting films in the Margaret Mead Festival left their viewers not only with information, but with a rich sense of ambiguity. □

ARCHITECTURE.

JANE HOLTZ KAY

America by Design, public television's latest look at architecture, U.S.A., skirts brand names, signature design and a tidy then-to-now chronology for a "we the people" approach to its subject. The five-part series, which began September 28, is a compact survey of the way we build from sea to shining sea.

If the classroom division of architecture is between high art and the vernacular landscape, this program lands on the side of the ordinary and omnipresent. The topics—"The House," "The Workplace," "The Street," "Public Places and Monuments" and "The Shape of the Land"—splice the subject into chunks of physical space rather than by stylistic detail.

This self-described whole cloth coverage of the built and natural environment translates historian and geographer J.B. Jackson's pioneering approach into handy one-hour topic by easy topic overviews: these provide an orderly introduction to the social, political and engineered history of the landscape. While rarely as inspired as this devotee of the subject might like, and intermittently inconsistent in tone, the program is a welcome primer on the way we inhabit and define our space and ourselves through design.

"The House," the opening segment, describes this most personal dwelling as the place where we enact those "domestic rituals all of us hold in common." The language here, as elsewhere, is often elegant and usually clear. Every house is, for its owners, "a public stage and a private sanctuary," narrator and writer Spiro Kostof observes. In tackling the domestic ideal and its embodiment in this single structure, the program goes beyond style to social purpose: the house as symbol of "the male provider and the female homemaker," of "self-sufficiency and the inviolate rights of property." While a bit skimpy on dates and personalities from H.H. Richardson to the modernists and postmodernists, it happily covers the mode-setters: Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson Downing; Levittown and the mobile home.

Here, as throughout, however, Kostof displays a self-contradictory style: An awed and uncritical romanticism is juxtaposed with critical commentary. That split continues through the next four segments. On the positive side, the comprehensive nature of *America by Design*'s definition of the landscape also characterizes these episodes. Even the second and least compelling segment, "The Workplace," displays a populist approach. There seems to have been a conscious effort to avoid the elitism of public television's previous design series, Robert A.M. Stern's *Pride of Place*. With its in-house assessment—the view from the A.T.&T. building, so to speak—that earlier series spoke for and to the professionals. Kostof's program speaks to whoever is listening.

After the dreary collection of workplace buildings in part two, part three, "The Street," springs to life. This most successful program describes how we carved America and shaped the landscape for the simple expedient of getting from here to there. The river, the rail and Main Street were the chief formgivers to American architecture and the American continent, and this segment, with its strong historical selections, is the most dramatic and visually diverse. In a nation that gives up one mile of road for every square mile of land, it is probably the most important subject of the series.

Part four, "Public Places and Monuments," is again workmanlike but a bit more contrived in tackling the public realm from commons to Frederick Law Olmsted parks and parkways; from preservation and urban renewal to Washing-

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ton's Vietnam War Memorial. Part five, "The Shape of the Land," for all its inclusiveness, doesn't quite carry the viewer. The remote aerial approach to public works from the Hoover Dam and the Brooklyn Bridge to the interstate's cloverleafs brings out the worst fault of the program: it's March of Time panorama. "We drilled and blasted. We moved rocks and ground. We built forms and produced a concrete wall over 100 feet," Kostof intones. Well, gee-whiz, one is inclined to respond.

This is not to suggest that the overall program fails to offer the downside of America's road to architectural and environmental glory. "The achievement is awesome [but] . . . what are the limits of rearranging nature?" Kostof asks. The historically upbeat, achievement-oriented narration is usually tempered by conventional critical assessments. But for this particular partisan, the program is somewhat of a disappointment. Perhaps it is Spiro Kostof. The reportedly charismatic and radical teacher is stiff and politically equivocal before the television camera. A benign Lenin lookalike, he is irksome as he raises his eyebrows above his glasses, and his rapid wardrobe changes are equally disconcerting—in one program I counted a two-piece suit, a leather-jacketed outfit, two different argyle sweaters and some miscellaneous garb topped with a white construction helmet.

This fashion show typifies the schizoid nature of the show—the failure to integrate the scholarly and the show biz. It underscores the lack of visual resolution. Is the program meant to bring us the dramatic sweep familiar from filmmaker Charles Guggenheim's early work on bridgebuilder James Buchanan Eads? Or is it supposed to have the classroom manner of Kostof himself, discursive but scarcely theatrical? Is Kostof's reverence for the works of his adopted land, followed by his reservations about them, a symptom of this same sort of compromise? Whatever the case, a more unified point of view would better fit a society that has designed the depletion of its resources as a corollary of its stretch to the sky and the shore.

Despite such shortcomings, it should be said again that *America by Design* does chart a public terrain that should be part of the vocabulary and vision of everyone who participates in that landscape. For, as the program insists and, to its everlasting credit, demonstrates, "We are all designers of America." □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 326*)

somewhat uncomfortable with the idea that people might need to decide for themselves what is offensive, manipulative and debilitating and what is empowering and useful. It is only as people are made to understand how they do "read" and how different meanings may be derived from the same text that we may be able to come together and speak a more common language from which to address the problems that concern Landsberg.

From my perspective, the main issue involves a battle over the socially constructed meanings of rock and roll. By writing a review that does not concern itself at all with this issue and whose sole focus is pornography, Landsberg concedes the ground of battle laid out by neoliberals and the right, which is certainly much more than I and many others are willing to do. *Hugh Geenen*

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

Charlottesville, Va.

Michele Landsberg, in her review of Tipper Gore's book *Raising PG Kids in an X-rated Society*, claims that "pornography goes to the heart of male domination"—male domination being the prime characteristic of capitalism. Pornography is an expression of capitalism, the culprit of social inequality.

Now, it seems fair to say that male domination provides the basis for capitalism. However, must we not also agree with Landsberg's comment that "there has never been a culture that didn't denigrate femaleness"? Social structures as a rule are founded on male domination. Yet who would claim that cultures are as a rule capitalistic? Landsberg, in her zeal to pinpoint a political culprit, has trapped herself. Cultures throughout history have not been almost singularly capitalistic, and thus something else is responsible for the principle of male domination in society.

Capitalism, culpable as it may be, is subordinate along with other political and social programs to something more problematic and less compromising: our human status. In a way, Landsberg did not go far enough; but because of that, she ended up going, in her own way, too far. The issue of pornography should be located more correctly in the function and nature of society itself, not in any single political structure. Quite simply, pornography is a component of human nature; it expresses something that is and has been for a long time a part of us as social creatures. To locate it within capitalism is provincial thinking.

Changing the function and nature of pornography in society, then, must involve appeals to humans as complex social individuals, not to disembodied political programs. Pornography raises an issue, essentially, of how to compensate females for their weaker

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position in society. It is an issue of psychology, biology, anatomy, perspective, foresight, ethics and, ultimately, compromise. It deserves more than political categorization—or perhaps much, much less. *Loren Quiring*

LANDSBERG REPLIES

New York City

Marcia Pally's flippant *reductio ad absurdum* hardly needs an answer; it's the usual conservative bromide about the incorrigibility of human nature. I'm not talking about human nature or the *Oresteia* but about real pictures and films of real women and children being prostituted and abused. The poor are always with us, too; should we shrug? The putdown of MacKinnon's prose is funny, but irrelevant to the cogency of her larger argument.

Steven Sherman avoids the key question. Masturbation may be nice, but when it depends on the brutalization of photographed women and children, it ceases to be innocuous. It's also frivolous to argue that widespread images of degradation of females are innocuous. Does he think images have no power? And though he fancies that civil libertarians are defending the free speech of porn actresses and rock singers, it's the porn bosses who are orchestrating the attack on censorship and counting their profits.

While I reject Hugh Geenen's glib "marketplace of images" (who controls the marketplace? how free is it?), I applaud and support his idea of teaching media literacy, as do most feminists against pornography. I do admit that I'm so humorless that I completely missed the playfulness of "Little girls wanna be fucked" and other whimsical sallies of popular culture.

Loren Quiring is wrong about the locus of pornography; male domination may be universal, and so may sexual fantasies, but commercial mass market pornography is not. It flourishes and is protected in free-enterprise economies. *Michele Landsberg*

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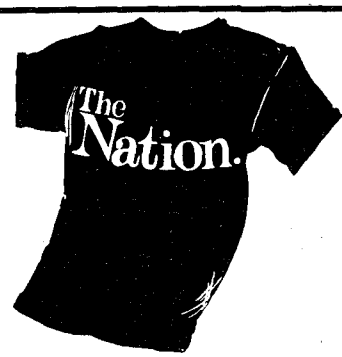

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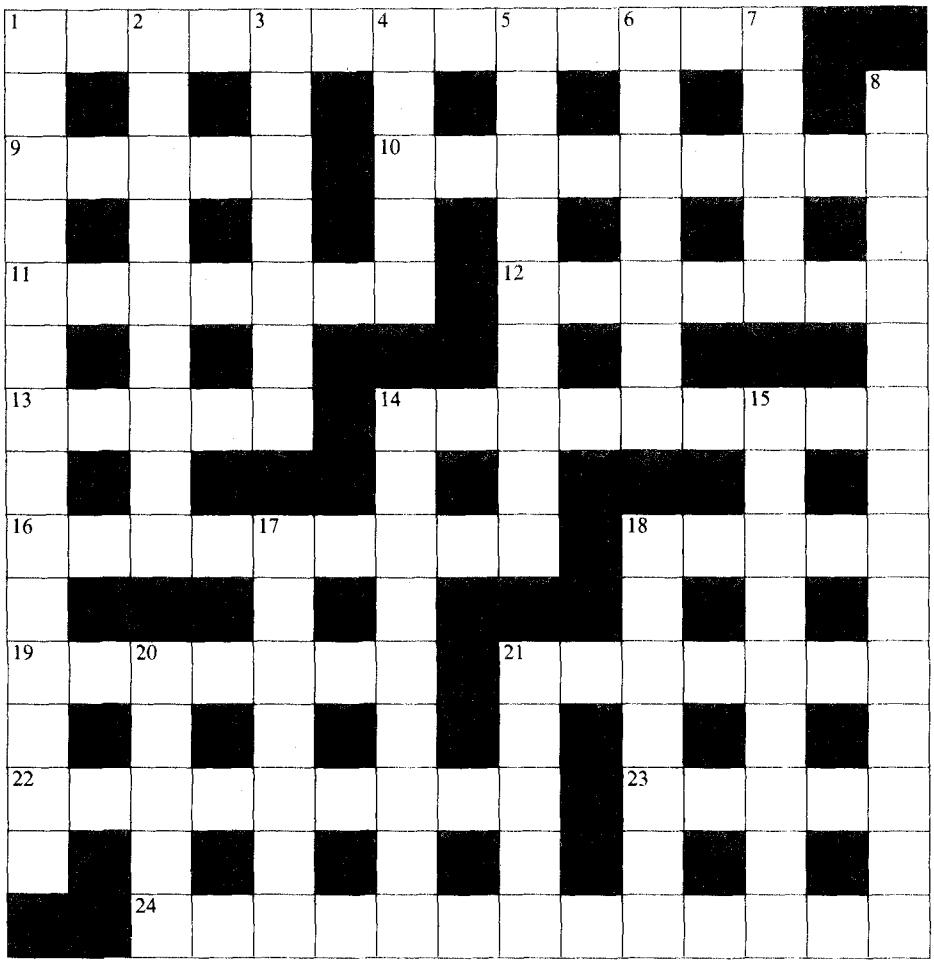
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Was "la vache qui rit" part of such a herd, or just the butt of a joke? (8,5)
9 Complete, say? (5)
10 Paint spilled when the old king is around a religious figure. (5,4)
11 The classical description of baseball teams? (To be seen and yet not that easy to be seen.) (7)
12 How a tale hangs, as they say. (7)
13 Possibly ideal, but wasn't very good. (5)
14 Over one point in what you do with your autograph, which used to be worth money in England. (9)
16 Charles's wife's about as sickly a color as you can get, and refuses to admit it! (7)
18 What comes from a thrashing may be just jesting talk. (5)
19 It's sort of nice to find it in the proverbial worker of old. (7)
21 Examine your vacation trip very carefully, to see if it's all in shape! (7)
22 A maid all a-flutter? And because of a very religious man! (5,4)
23 One from Baghdad with a troubled air and an unusual IQ! (5)
24 How the heroine used to get thrown out, if in trouble? (What a chauvinistic way to talk about two women, one rather plain and the other rather saucy!) (3,3,7)

DOWN

1 Tree, and possibly like a perennial. (Or a pair—that's funny!) (6,3,5)
2 What does one do to straighten things out? This crazy nut fishes! (9)
3 It's rather difficult to get a little recreational vehicle inside, although they have a yard there. (7)
4 They're sometimes counted as being equivalent to people. (5)
5 The answer seems to be that there was only one person going here, but the trouble is, natives can be found! (5,4)
6 Certainly not underclothing to last longer than anything! (7)
7 Old Jack, according to the players. (5)
8 Stonewalling, perhaps, as part of the newsmagazine's team. (7,3,4)
14 Certainly not an express example, but it's not high up in the variety of growth. (4,5)
15 That Beloved She! (9)
17 The circle of high command for the South? (It's certainly not looking good!) (7)
18 When the sub commander is doing it, is he taking advantage of the crew? (7)
20 Part of the locale betrays a spy, traditionally. (5)
21 The one who wrote *A Dictionary of English Synonyms* certainly sounds like a sourpuss! (5)

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